# AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, JUNE 30, 1894.

JUL 5 1894)

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PETER FENELON COLLIER.
No. 523 West 13th Street, New York

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Annot be responsible for their return.

In answering advertisements appearing in the columns of this aper, our readers are particularly requested to always state that lev saw the announcement in ONCE A WEEK.

[487] The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from the column and the pa

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1894.

# ALLAMONG OURSELVES

Conscience is education, and without it man is a

In these days of cheap literature the only excuse for ignorance is laziness and lack of ambition

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THE letter on another page from the pen of Señor Romero, Mexican Minister at Washington, should make Romero, Mexican Minister at Washington, should make very interesting reading at this time. To some it may recall one of our lost opportunities. To the surviving soldiers of the Union armies it will give a pleasing inside view of one of General Grant's pet schemes for the commercial aggrandizement of this country. To all it will afford a striking contrast between the patchwork and makeshift legislation of these later days and the practical reaching out for valuable connections that characterized the projects of such "first, last and all the time" Americans as General Grant.

AT that time General Grant was anxious that Mexico. under Diaz, should become a stable and solid republic.
That consummation is now at hand. New industries
are springing up in all parts of our neighbor republic. Even admitting the comparative degradation of the Mexican laborer. I am afraid the industrial situation in this country will not at present compare favorably with that of Mexico. That much-tried commonwealth with that of Mexico. That much-tried commonwealth seems to be over her troubles, and is now enjoying unusual quiet and prosperity.

There can be no doubt that valuable Mexican concessions are still awaiting American capital and enterprise. If ever two neighboring States existed that could cultivate reciprocal free trade to advantage, those two countries are Mexico and the United States. The two countries are Mexico and the United States. The labor-saving machinery and the progressive railroad systems that are the product of American inventive genius and executive ability would soon place Mexico upon a higher plane of industrial and commercial potency; while the valuable exchanges of manufactured articles for the tropical and sub-tropical products of our neighbors would, for us at least, solve one equations of the product and sub-tropical products of our neighbors would, for us at least, solve one equations of the product and sub-tropical products of the product of the pr tion of the vexed problem of tariffs, on one hand, and the possibility of extended markets on the other.

IF, as the Republicans contend, a home market is the best market because it is the nearest, why is not the Mexican market better and more to be desired and senght after than the markets of the world? And if, as the Democrats contend, we should cultivate commercial liberality with all other nations, why should we not begin with Mexico, that has made overtures for commercial interchanges and is at present enjoying partial trade reciprocity? partial trade reciprocity?

THE failure on our part to do something at once this direction can have but one result. Mexican trade is worth looking after. Her internal resources are worth developing. If American capital and American enterprise do not accept the invitation so often ex-

tended, Europeans will step in, place Mexico under a mortgage, and get all that is worth having there, just as they have done in South America, while we have been supinely indifferent. Mexico for the Mexicans— but the Mexican commercial connection should be for the people of this country.

THE poor can better afford to fight heat and mosqui-

toes in summer than to buy coal in the winter.

Times are so hard, and the weather so dreadfully unfavorable, that I really don't see what we would have done down there in Wall Street if it had not been for the timely arrival of those Sugar Senators, who infused a little life into the game.

AT a meeting of bank presidents in this city, June 19, George G. Williams, president of the Clearing House Association, said he believed seventy-five per cent of the manufacturing and commercial business of the country was in the balance between solvency and insolvency, and that a large part of the current business was being done at a loss. The meeting was called to consider the advisability of assisting the Government in meeting the drain of gold exports. The Treasury reserve was down to about \$65,000,000, and Mr. Williams thought the banks ought to furnish some of their own gold for export. He said there is a sentimental feeling throughout the country about the Treasury reserve, and he feared the consequences if it was allowed to fall as low as \$50,-

EVEN so pronounced a hard-money journal as the New York Tribune urged, sometime ago, that business men and bankers should get over their groundless fears every time the Treasury reserve is about to be called on. That, said the *Tribune*, is what the reserve is for. But, as Mr. Williams says, that uneasy feeling is abroad suppose it is purely sentimental and groundless

It is believed that not to exceed fifteen or twenty millions more of gold will be needed for export, and the New York banks can easily spare that amount. I am sure the Treasury will rest easier if the banks are kind enough to do so. The probable result of the recent meeting will be that, while the banks will not surrender their gold on every slight pretext for export, still, more gold than hitherto will be supplied from their private vaults to exporting customers

THE national banks of the United States at last re The national banks of the United States at last report had \$85,000,000 in gold, \$70,000,000 of which was in New York banks. If Europe should conclude to call for all of it, I presume the country would have to give it up and "go, dig" for more. The bankers at the meeting on the 19th inst. thought Congress was wrong in its refusal to authorize another issue of bonds to replenish the gold reserve and meet the current expenses of "Government economically administered." Tariff receipts are at a low ebb. Imports are mainly of goods that have little or no duty to pay. Wheat, cotton and provisions are or no duty to pay. Wheat, cotton and provisions are going abroad in small quantities and at low quotations. We never before were compelled to buy such dear gold with such low-priced victuals and cotton—and this, too, right in the midst of the depression.

THE end of it all may be that we will have neither money nor anything to eat in the house. In that case—oh, yes, yes. I was about to forget. Congress will have to buy some more gold with bonds. At the same time—perhaps before issuing any bonds—a prominent New York business man suggests: Let Congress blanket the tariff-free-trade-income-tax colt—that is not likely to start right at the post anyhow—and put him in the stable. Then, after the cool and deliberate autumn, if the people in their sovereign capacity so decree, we can start the colt on the winter track, even before the new Congressmen can take their seats in extraordinary ses sion. If the whole tariff discussion were postponed until after the fall elections—Congress in the meantime taking hold of the industrial problem at the practical end -a revival of business would certainly follow. It would impossible to make the situation any wors by keeping on as at present.

MRS. MIRIAM ARMSTRONG GLENN, of No. 11 Baltimore Place. Atlanta, Ga., writing to this office under date of June 14, complains that she has not received her paper regularly. There are a good many such complaints lately, and they suggest some carelessness at the post-offices. Here is Mrs. Glenn's letter:

lately, and they conflices. Here is Mrs. Glenn's letter.

To the Editor of Once a Week':

"My for my husband's subscription was renewed a month since and the volumes, for the ensuing year, were duly delivered. Since then I have not received either magazine or novel, and I feel that I cannot afford to lose any of either.

"Will you kindly send the ones which I have falled to receive, and send the others in their order? I always look forward to their coming with a great deal of eagerness, and congratulate your company upon your spendid magazine.

"Very respectfully,
"Miniam Armstrong Glenn."

ONE should make his charities public, but not in a self-aggrandizing way, for others will follow his example and carry sunshine into many clouded hearts.

It is our own misfortunes that cause us to sympathize with the troubles of others.

Captain Alfred T. Mahan, LL.D., of the United States cruiser Chicago, is one of the few jolly tars that ever sported that title. It was conferred upon him by the ancient and honorable University of Cambridge, in recognition of his services in a recent history of the naval powers of the world, in whose "luminous pages," said the public orator of the University, "England has re-seen a vision of her naval glory wising respendent from the waya." rising resplendent from the wave."

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AFTER that, I do not see why the old gentleman does AFTER that, I do not see why the old gentleman does not give his consent to the nuptials of Miss Canada and Cousin Jonathan. Canada has a fair navy of revenue cutters, we have a baker's dozen of cruisers and newfangled engines of naval glory, Mr. Bull has battleships and ironclads galore and money that he cannot count. Why is not the English-speaking federation in sight? Seeing that the world cannot last much longer at this gait of going, is it really worth while to put off the happy event until the autumn?

who waters the garden of his heart with tears of sympathy for others causes roses to grow where otherwise weeds would spring up.

They say that cats won't touch any rat imprisoned in a trap. At least so the St. Louis Post-Democrat declares, after having interviewed a number of people who have tried the experiment. The New York Sun who have tried the experiment. The New York Sum wants to know why this is so, and acknowledges it is unable to decide whether it is due to chivalry or fear. Over and over again cats have been brought near to a rat imprisoned in a trap, but could hardly be forced to look at it, much less to attack it. We are getting on with our knowledge of animals truly.

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Where did Lord Rosebery get the name of Ladas for his famous horse? Dr. Hornby, Provost of Eton College, explained lately in his speech of welcome to Lord Rosebery, on the occasion of his visit to his old school. He said the name occurred in Juvenal, and that Ladas had been a famous courier for Alexander the Great, as well as a winner of the Olympian games. Dr. Hornby, who congratulated Lord Rosebery as being the owner of Ladas and heartily wished him success, the owner of Ladas and heartily wished him success, has been roundly abused by the non-conformist press. Sir Wilfrid Lawson has been especially savage against both Rosebery and Dr. Hornby, neither of whom has shown the least bit of penitence. In point of fact, the row is over already. But even if it were still raging, it is not likely that the man who preferred to leave Oxford rather than sell his race-horses at the bidding of the Dean of Christ Church, would cease his connection with the turf even to retain the Premiership.

THERE is some talk of the appointment of Colonel John H. Farrell as Postmaster of Albany, in place of James M. Warner. President Cleveland would do a good James M. Warner. President Cleveland would do a good thing in making the appointment; for Farrell has always been a consistent and warm, though never a slavish, supporter of the Administration. He has not hesitated to criticise when criticism seemed necessary; but, after all, that is the part of true friendship. Only the cuckoos sing praises in season and out of season. One good thing would result from Farrell's appointment: it would tend to soften the hard feeling (if such really exists) on the part of Senators Hill and Murphy, who would be apt to offer no opposition to Farrell's confirmation. For the rest, the Colonel is a thorough journalist, which means a man of ability fit to serve his country creditably in any field to which he may be as

Does organized labor need any further arguments in favor of Joint-Stock Labor Unions? A Pittsburgh dispatch of June 20 states that the firm of Jones & Laughlin, employing four thousand men, and operating the largest iron and steel mill in the United States in which the Amalgamated Association has a footing, will close down at the end of the present month, and not resume until September, when the great plant will be opened up with non-Union workmen and on a wageopened up with non-Union workmen and on a wage-scale of the firm's own making. The firm claims to have figured on a conflict with its employes. Jones & Laughlin are, in this simply following the Carnegies, Park Brothers, Clark & Sons, Oliver Iron and Steel Company, Morehead Brothers and others in declaring war against the workingmen's unions. If organized labor becomes a great labor corporation, Jones & Laugh-lm and the rest of them will not be allowed, under the law, to "declare war" against it or against any of its branches throughout the Union. At present organized labor is not allowed to "declare war" against Jones & Laughlin. Money talks, boys. You have the money. Many of the wage-tyrants use your savings banks money to help to beat you.

The McShane Manufacturing Company of Balti more has notified its thousand workingmen of a ten per cent re—that is to say, increase—in their wages, owing to the improved condition of trade. The directors of the Seaconnet Cotton Mills at Fall River propose

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to build a second mill, to increase the number of spindles from 36,000 to 63,000, and of looms from 950 to 1,750, and to swell the capital stock from \$400,000 to \$600,000. The Teall River boom comes very soon after the settlement of the cotton schedule in the proposed tariff bill, which, meaning the cotton schedule, is believed to be quite satisfactory all round.

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THE Anti-Lords Conference at Leeds, June 20, passed olutions demanding the abolition of the veto power of the Peers. The resolution of Mr. Labouchere for the abolition of the Peers themselves was rejected. The majority of the London dailies regard the Conference as a farce. At any rate, the House of Lords is still in possession of its veto stick, with tools at hand to sharpen the same whenever "their people" go too far.

THE latest news from Ireland is that the present apparent state of peace there is due to the fact that the Government does not start prosecutions when it ought to do so. In order to call attention to this it ought to do so. In order to call attention to this it was necessary for Arnold D. Foster, M. P., and T. W. Russell, M. P., to move, in the House of Commons, that he salary of the Chief Secretary for Ireland be reduced two thousand pounds sterling. Mr. Morley contended that the state of feeling in Ireland was never healthier. Favorable monthly reports had just been received from all parts of the island. Mr. Morley's salary was not reduced

POPE LEO XIII., in his forthcoming Encyclical, expresses his desire to close his life with an appeal to all men of every land and race to favor unity of faith. He appeals to rulers and governments to see to it that the end of the nineteenth century shall not resemble the stormy close of the eighteenth.

Miss IDA Wells, a colored lady, is telling all England how hard-working negroes are lynched in the South over here every day. Miss Wells knows better, but never mind that. One of the anti-lynching meetings passed resolutions asking why the New York Legislature does not stop these lynchings in Texas and Georgia. Why, bless you, deah boy, we cawnt, don't-cher no. It is none of our bloomin' business. Georgia and Texas must stop these things for themselves. A sporting editor said, as he walked away from one of the meetings: "Ah! I know now why Peter Jackson will not fight Corbett south of Mason and Dixon's Line. They would lynch Peter down there in a minute."

All of this recalls the instance, years ago, when the London Times spoke of Nathaniel P. Banks, Speaker of the House of Representatives, as a negro, because some people at that time said he was a Black Republican. I am afraid John Bull will never know this country until the old gentleman comes over and settles down with the young folks—bringing his strong-box with him, and giving the other colonies the right end of the English-speaking Federation stout string.

Senator Butler and Governor Tilimann of South Carolina "met," at Chester, S. C., June 20. There were no "coffee and pistols for two"; but the distinguished gentlemen are making a Senatorial campaign through the State, and if the beverage and shooting-irons do not come afterward, it will be a caution. Senator Butler called Governor Tillmann, to his face, in the presence of a hurrahing multitude, the following names; viz., "Liar," "Blackguard," "Bully." They are having a joint debate. Tillmann was to answer Senator Butler, to his face, the next day. Fun was supposed to be ahead. On the 19th Tillmann called President Cleveland a bag of beef. On the 20th he said that, when he was elected Senator, he would prod Cleveland with a pitchfork and wake up the rotten Senate. By the way, Tillmann says he is sure of election. Whether he stirs up the Senate or not, he has certainly stirred up Senator Butler. All he said was that the Senator was carrying Coxeyites on free railroad passes from place to place to act as clacquers in the dignified Senatorial campaign. Anyhow, the whole business must make plenty of fun for such weather as Carolina has at present.

June 20, at New York, Erastus Wiman was sentenced to five years and six months in Sing Sing Prison for forgery. His lawyer, it was said, would appeal. Unless a certificate of reasonable doubt is obtained from some Supreme Court judge, the convicted man will have to spend his time in Sing Sing pending the appeal. If such certificate is obtained, the prisoner will be admitted to bail. The sentencing judge delayed sending the prisoner to prison until Tuesday, the 26th inst.

An almost incredible story comes from Birmingham, Ala., that an incendiary fire in the Mary Lee Mine, near Birmingham, was started by strikers, while one hundred men were at work, fifty of whom were cut off by the flames and had to be pulled up through fire and smoke to the surface. Four deaths were reported, and many more were expected.

The seventeen-year locusts are good to eat. Civilized man was at one time afraid of the tomato; he will get over his prejudice against a locust diet after a while.

HARRY HILL, an ex-dive keeper, who was forced to give up "business" several years ago in this city, testified against the Police Department before the Lexow Committee last week. How the police drove him out of "business," as he tells it himself, is as follows: He was in the habit, some years ago, of paying "protection" money to the police with the understanding that some of it went to Police Headquarters. One day Su-

perintendent Murray and Inspector Steers persuaded Hill to tell all he knew about payments to the police. The Captain of the precinct was at once moved up town and the Ward Man resigned rather than stand trial before the Police Commissioners. After that poor Harry Hill was persecuted by the police until he had to take his business and go away into retirement, where he is now, it is said, without a cent. The Lexow Committee is unearthing many pathetic cases like that of poor Harry Hill.

That bright and neatly arranged newspaper, the Fort Worth (Tex.) Gazette of June 11, does Once a Week the honor to clip the paragraph in favor of a national debt similar to that of France and England, the interest upon which at three per cent would be payable in perpetuity, the principal not payable by the Government at all. The Gazette does not believe, apparently, in the gold standard. In passing, I notice in the Gazette that the bank clearings of Fort Worth increased 51.5 per cent since the corresponding week of last year.

# CARNOT ASSASSINATED.

DISASTROUS Sunday was that of June 24,

First and most fearful of the events was the as sination of M. F. Sadi Carnot, President of the French Republic, at Lyons, while in his carriage on his way to the theatre. The wretch who took the President's life is an Italian, variously named Pietro Santo, and Cesare Giovanni Santo, who appeared at the window of the Presi-



dent's carriage bearing a rose in his hand and smiling. The appearance of the man disarmed suspicion, and the assassin did his work by stabbing the President three times in succession before any one could interfere. The President died three hours later-a little before one o'clock Monday morning. Santo is supposed to be an Italian anarchist, though at the present moment nothing certain is known of the man or his motive.

The incensed people of Lyons would have lynched the murderer but for the firm attitude of the gens-d'armes. He is said to be a young beardless man, little more than a boy. When arrested he was attired in a brown suit, and wore a peaked cap that matched the suit in color. As he marched under his police guard from the Rue de la Republique to the station he held his head down, but his eyes glanced furtively around as though he was seeking an opportunity to escape. To have made such an attempt, however, would have been the height of foolhardiness, for there is no doubt that he would have been torn limb from limb by the crowd, whose every action showed that they were thirsting for his blood.

President Carnot suffered great agony before the end came. Repeatedly he exclaimed:

"Mon Dieu! est-ce que cela ne finira pas? Mon Dieu! comme je souffre!"

"My God! will this never finish? My God! how I am suffering!"

# FEARFUL DISASTER AT SEA.

The tug James D. Nicol was swamped in a gale off the Jersey coast, not far from Scotland Lightship, on Sunday last, and twenty-five lives are believed to be lost. The tug had a large fishing party on board at the some eighty souls in all, fifty of whom were picked up by a passing steamer and two other tugs.

# TARRING AND FEATHERING A GENERAL.

TARRING AND FEATHERING A GENERAL.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL TARSNEY of the Colorado National Guard, was the victim of a most disgraceful outrage at Colorado Springs, early on the morning of June 23. He was called from his room at the Alamo Hotel shortly after midnight, by the announcement that some one at Cripple Creek had called him up on the hotel telephone. When he went behind the clerk's desk to answer the call he was covered with two revolvers and ordered to follow the masked man who held them. The clerk in the meantime had been placed under guard. General Tarsney called for help but was quickly clubbed into submission. It was the work of only a moment when two carriages containing the kidnappers and their victim were driving at a break-neck pace to the open prairies at Austin Bluffs at the city limits of Colorado Springs. Arriving at Austin Bluffs the miscreants covered the Adjutant-General with a coat of tar and feathers, having first stripped him naked. He was left lying upon the ground while the masked party made good their escape. He was warned to leave the country if he would escape a worse fate next time. The perpetrators of the outrage are believed to be deputy-sheriffs and residents of Colorado Springs. The unfortunate official and a party of friends arrived at Denver late in the afternoon of the 23d, where medical aid was at once summoned. Governor Waite nas offered a reward of one thousand dollars for the arrest and conviction of the criminals. The peculiarity of this case is, that the Adjutant-General, a State official, was in Colorado Springs at the time defending the Bull Hill miners with whom the deputy sheriffs had several conflicts; and it is highly probable that the coat of tar and feathers was the answer of the deputy sheriffs to the action of Governor Waite in the recent mining troubles at Cripple Creek. Colorado will be fortunate if the coat of tar and feathers does not re-open the whole unfortunate business.

# A RARE CHANCE FOR LITERARY STUDY.

A RARE CHANCE FOR LITERARY STUDY.

"NADA THE LILY" will be the next novel in the Library, as hitherto announced; and the general tone and excellence of the Library novels for the present year are far superior to those of any other similar literary source of supply. It will interest readers, also, to learn that several first-class American novels will form part of the year's repertory. ONCE A Week patrons will have a chance to study not only the difference in existingly different method of treatment adopted by popular American novelists, as compared with the method of the great living novelists of Great Britain and the Continent of Europe.

American novelists, as compared with the method of the great living novelists of Great Britain and the Continent of Europe.

American readers have a personal interest in the truthful portrayal of our every-day life as it is. They sympathize with their own as they cannot sympathize with the more pretentious vicissitudes of foreign dramatis personæ in even the best of foreign novels. They can picture an American scene, in field, forest, valley, mountain or city, and feel, instinctively, that there must be a great deal more of human interest in American life than has yet been brought out in American fiction. We owe it to curselves to cultivate and patronize the better class of American fiction, and it is the highest ambition of ONCE A WEEK Library to bring out whatever latent talent in this direction there is in this country. To that end, it is suggested that a study of the fiction of the Old World will be of the highest practical value.

The lost opportunities, the hidden romances of American life, the undoubted mines of wealth for the novelist in the early pioneer days of our different States and Territories, must all be brought out, and that, too, by our own native talent. The Old World has been working such mines for ages; this country is still new and unexplored in that respect. ONCE A WEEK Library has already made a good beginning in this work, and there is a bright prospect that the present year will see many more strictly American novels, with a delightful home flavor, in the hands of our patrons.

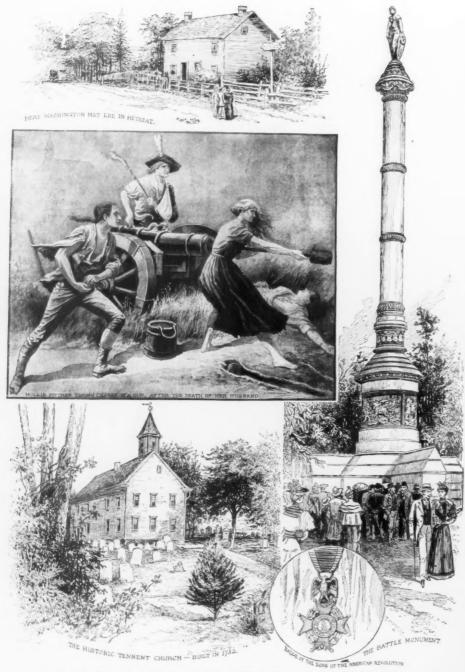
# THE DOBBS FERRY MONUMENT.

THE DOBBS FERRY MONUMENT.

The period of one hundred and thirteen years is longer than the life of three average human beings from the cradle to the grave—to be more precise, it is equal to about three and one-half average human lives. And yet at Dobbs Ferry, on the 14th inst., it did not seem so long since Washington and Rochambeau sat in the Livingston Manor House and discussed the plan for the final expulsion of the British from the country. It did not seem so long, because we could see the chairs and table used at that conference. The old house itself looked gay and young. Sons and Daughters of the Revolution were present. The foundation-stone for the monument to commemorate the conference was being laid. The old frigate Lancaster looked older alongside the Miantonomoh than the Manor House compared with other buildings in Dobbs Ferry that day.

But it really has been a long, long time full of events since that June day in 1781, when Washington and Rochambeau met. This country has passed through more in those one hundred and thirteen years—has got more together—than other countries in three centuries.

Some of the more interesting scenes on the occasion are sketched on page 5. Chauncey M. Depew was orator of the day, and accepted the deed of site from Dr. Hasbrouck, who thus conveyed to the Sons of the Revolution the spot of realty upon which the monument is to stand. Speeches were also made by General Stewart L. Woodford and General Horace Porter. At the concusion Archbishop Corrigan pronounced the benediction. June 14, you will bear in mind, is the anniversary of the American Flag, the date upon which the Continental Congress adopted the Stars and Stripes—thirteen Stripes and as many Stars as the Flag will hold, from time to time. I notice that General Woodford looked forward, in his eloquent speech, to a Republic that would embrace this continent. You and I will not be here then, perhaps; but the Flag will have to be much larger than now, to reach from Point Barrow to Tierra del Fuego—because, of course,



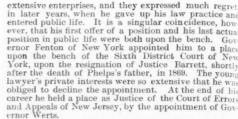
NEW JERSEY-THE 116TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH, JUNE 28TH.



WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS.

This distinguished American citizen died at his home in Teaneck, N. J., early Sunday morning, June 17, surrounded by his family. So peacefully came the end that the watchers did not realize it until after all was over. The sufferer sank into a sleep from which he did not wake. His only daughter, Mrs. Von Rottenburg, arrived from Germany the Friday previous, at his earnest request to look upon her face once more before he died. Shortly before he sank to sleep, it is said, he gave a sign of recognition, but was unable to articulate. The cause of his death was an affection of the left lung, that was first discovered by his physician April 5th. Until the fattal illness developed, little more than a week before his death, he felt extremely well. During nearly all of that week, however, he was unconscious, save for a few moments at a time. Like all of the great public men of the United States who have passed beyond, he was a brave sufferer to the last.

William Walter Phelps was born in the city of New York, August 24, 1839. He was of English descent. His great-grandfather, William Phelps, came to this country in 1630, and made his home near Simsbury, Conn. John Jay Phelps, father of the subject of this sketch, was the first of the family to leave the original homestead in Connecticut. He came to New York, made a fortune as an importer, and was the organizer of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad. William Walter Phelps had the advantage of the best preparatory education of that day before he was sent to Yale, whence he graduated in 1860, being second in the class of that year. He immediately thereafter studied law at Columbia College, in this city, under Prof. Dwight, and commenced practice in 1863. At the same time he took a prominent part in business, following closely in the footsteps of his father. He became, successively, a director of the National City Bank, the Second National Bank, the United States Trust Company, the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, the Lackawanna and several



extensive enterprises, and they expressed much regret, in later years, when he gave up his law practice and entered public life. It is a singular coincidence, however, that his first offer of a position and his last actual position in public life were both upon the bench. Governor Fenton of New York appointed him to a place upon the bench of the Sixth District Court of New York, upon the resignation of Justice Barrett, shortly after the death of Phelps's father, in 1869. The young lawyer's private interests were so extensive that he was obliged to decline the appointment. At the end of his career he held a place as Justice of the Court of Errors and Appeals of New Jersey, by the appointment of Governor Werts.

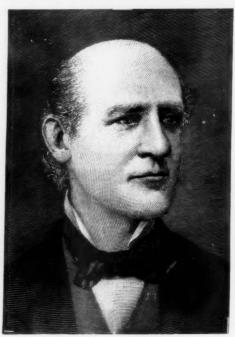
Mr. Phelps was elected to Congress in 1872 from the Fifth District of New Jersey, by a majority of 2,715. In 1874 he was defeated for re-election, by a majority of 7. He remained in private life, most of the time in very poor health, for nearly six years. In May, 1881, he was appointed Minister to Austria. In 1882, 1884 and 1886 he was elected to Congress from his old New Jersey District. April 29, 1889, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Kasson and Mr. Bates represented American interests at the International Conference in Berlin, on the Samoan question. June 26, 1889, Mr. Phelps became Minister to Germany, and filled the position with distinguished honor to himself and much profit to his country, until his successor was appointed, in May, 1893. Before he had left Germany for home he had been asked by Governor Werts to take the vacunt place in the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals.

William Walter Phelps lived less than fifty-five years, more than thirty of which were spent in the front rank as a man of affairs, Representative in Congress, diplomatist and jurist. His was a precious jewel in a casket all too frail. We could wish that he had lived longer, that he had had better health while working so hard, that his exceptional powers of intellect had not burned out so rapidly. His friends feel for him a sort of sympath

# CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

It may interest many to hear that Chief Justice Coleridge, who died, June 14, in his seventy-fourth year, was the first Chief Justice of England. The title before his time was "Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench." The last one to bear the latter title was Sir Alexander Cockburn, who died in 1880, and was succeeded by the late incumbent. Lord Coleridge was grand-nephew of the great poet. The late Chief Justice visited this country in 1884. As a lawyer and public



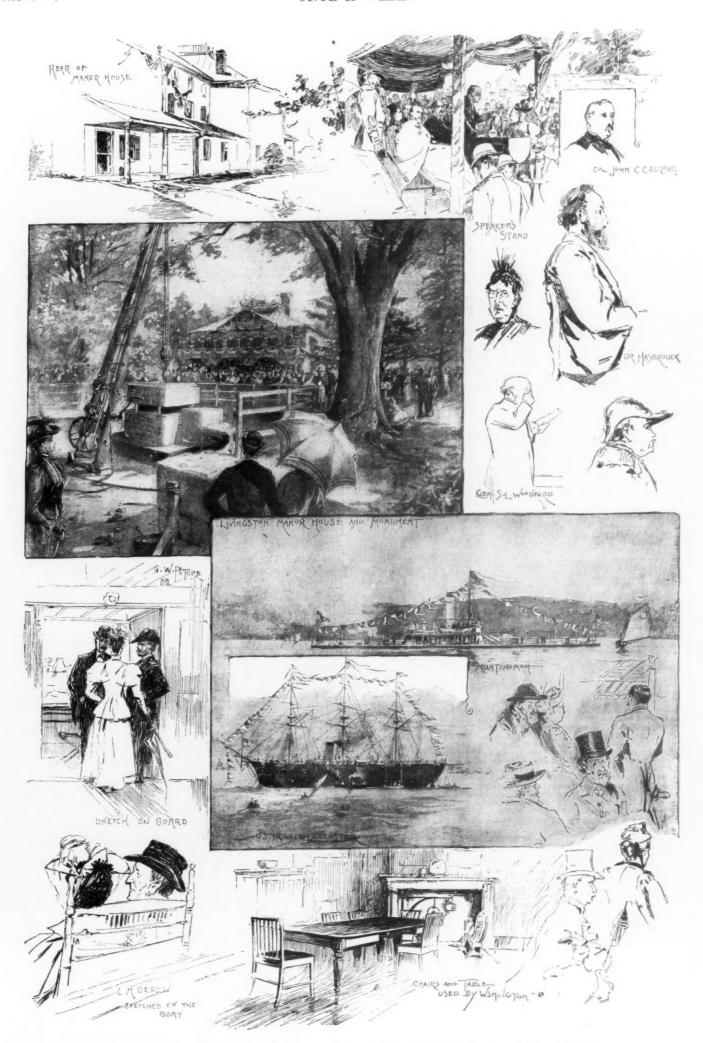
THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE

prosecutor, he was noted for having brought more criminals to the scaffold by his suave and clever cross-examination than any other lawyer in England. He sat in the House of Commons, for Exeter, from 1865 to 1873; but the greater part of his long public career of nearly fifty years was spent in the English judiciary. It is believed that Lord Russell of Killowen (formerly Sir Charles Russell), an Irishman, will be the next Chief Justice of England. This will be certainly a rare chance for the distinguished attorney for poor Parnell to give a finishing touch to an already illustrious career

We revere a great man, admire a handsome one, and love a good one.



THE LATE JUDGE WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS.



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE FOR THE MONUMENT AT DOBBS FERRY.

(See page 4.)



HE executive officer of the Chippewa was to assume command until the arrival of a relief. The marine guard was to be withdrawn, the flag hauled down and the Five their sturned over to the representative of the friendly power from which they had been so unjustly wrested.

Captain Blake was stunned. No word of explanation beyond the curt phrase, "The Secretary considers that you have exceeded your authority." Consternation overspread the ship. The officers pressed around him, full of indignant sympathy.

The officers pressed around rith, the best pathy.

"There must be some mistake," he told them, huskily. "My instructions were so clear. It will all be explained when I get home."

The American residents ashore thought at first that their hero was being sent for to receive the thanks of Congress and an Admiral's commission. When they learned the real state of the case, their wrath knew no bounds. Captain Blake silenced them gently. In his presence, at least, he could brook no criticism of his official superiors.

bounds. Captain Blake shearch bounds. Captain Blake shearch be left, but there was not much gayety about it. The quiet, sad smile of the shipless Captain, as he waved them a farewell from the deck of the mail-steamer, made a mockery of the band's "Hail to the Chief."

A few minutes later he received a tribute that touched him more deeply. As the steamer passed the Chippewa the men crowded to the bulwark and gave him a rousing cheer. The executive officer tried, in a half-hearted way, to check them. It was contrary to all discipline. But the men were not to be repressed, and shouted themselves hoarse.

Captain Blake presented the Department

hoarse.
Captain Blake presented himself at the Department in Washington. The Secretary had completely forgotten the interview that took place before the sailing of the Chippewa. That is, he only remembered requesting the Captain to use the utmost zeal and discretion in protecting American.

of the Chippeva. That is, he only remembered requesting the Captain to use the utmost zeal and discretion in protecting American interests. He believed it quite possible that he had hazarded an opinion on the desirability of coaling stations, but this was not to be construed into an authorization to acquire one. Captain Blake felt that the carth was giving way beneath him. He asked for a court of inquiry; but was refused on the ground that the Department did not deem any further action necessary in his case. He asked to be given another ship, and was refused. He asked to be given another ship, and his request was ignored.

If he had had a family, their faith and sympathy might have cheered him. But there was no one who was very near to him. The other men at the club were sorry for him and tried, in bungling masculine fashion, to be kind to him. But he detected their intention, and shrank from their pity. More and more he drew away from them. It made him homesick if they spoke of ship and guns and men in active life. And if the talk was of other things, he took no interest in it. He was not envious of those who had something to do and spent their days at the Yard or the Department. He was incapable of any such smallness. But he felt different from them, and the difference saddened him.

If he had been a younger man, he might have resigned and gone into something else. But one does not begin life anew at fifty-eight. Besides, the navy was his life. Time hung heavy on his hands, for there was no escape from his thoughts, and they were all bitter ones. He had been disgraced before the whole country and he was refused the opportunity of justifying himself. Yet, when he was beset by reporters, as he was for the first month or two, he could never be trapped into any criticism of the Administration.

No, sir, "he would repeat, tapping the palm of his hand with his gold-mounted eyeglasses," I have nothing to say, absolutely nothing."

Two or three old friends tried to rouse him from the depression into which he seemed t

After a while they let him alone. He drifted further and further away from his acquaintances, and grew moody and taciturn. At the end of a year he suddenly

left Washington, and spent several months traveling in search of health and distraction. Then he returned and filed another application for duty, to which he received no answer.

search of health and distraction. Then he returned and filed another application for duty, to which he received no answer.

He did not go back to the club. He moved his baggage to a quiet hotel and gradually sank out of people's remembrance. He seldom appeared on the street, and when he did, those he knew best sometimes failed to recognize him, so greatly had he changed. He had suddenly become an old, old man, with stooping shoulders and a feeble, uncertain walk. His long English side-whiskers had a straggling, uncared-for look, and he had allowed a ragged beard to cover his finely molded chin. From a rigorous iron-gray, his hair and beard had turned almost white. Even his clothes betrayed his lack of interest in life. The two or three friends who still clung to him shook their heads and said poor Blake was going rapidly to pieces.

At last a time came when these friends, calling at the hotel to see him, found he had left. They did not ask for his address. They did not follow him any further. The dead are not more completely forgotten.

As a matter of fact, he had been seized with a sudden terrible homesickness and had rented a little room in a ramshackle house just outside the Navy Yard wall. He used to spend his days at the window, watching the sentinel at the gate, the masts of ships in the distance, guard-mount in front of the marine barracks every morning, and all the familiar details of Navy Yard life. He never appeared on the street any more.

Only once, that is. It was nearly three years after his detachment from the Chippeaa, a beautiful Easter Sunday. The sun was shining, the leaves budding, birds chirping and twittering, the streets gay with spring gowns and smiling faces, the sky a soft-breathing, radiant promise of all things good. At eleven o'clock in the morning Captain Blake walked up the aisle at St. John's and took his old-time seat. He held his head erect and carried his shoulders squarely. His frock-coat fitted him without a wrinkle. A bunch of violets was in his button-hole. His trousers ha



"WE ARE TOO LATE."

his hair. It was noticed, too, that his hand tremble he held his prayer-book.

Going out of church, a number of people came up and expressed their pleasure at seeing him back. They did not ask where he had been, and he did not tell them.

That afternoon he appeared on the avenue, and promenaded for an hour or so with the gay throng. He had grown so shortsighted that he passed a number of acquaintances without recognizing them; but those who stopped him he greeted with his usual ceremonious resurress.

stopped him he greeted with his usual ceremonious courtesy.

When he reached his dingy little room in the tumble-down house outside the Navy Yard wall, he dropped down in a chair, exhausted by his long walk, and his head sank dejected on his breast.

Suddenly, through the open window, came drifting the strains of the national anthem, "Hail Columbia," the sunset hymn. Instinctively he rose to his feet and stood at attention till he saw the flag in front of the Commandant's office come fluttering down.

"Morituri salulamus," he said—of the flag? or the sun? or himself?

The next afternoon there came to the Navy Department a telegram announcing the sudden death of the commander of one of the big new cruisers. It was referred to the Chief of the Office of Detail, who handed it to one of his assistants.

"Look over the register, Collingwood," he said, "and see who is available to go to that ship at once." It was very seldom that the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation and Office of Detail asked for suggestions, and Mr. Collingwood felt the importance of the moment accordingly. Looking down the list of captains, his eye fell on "Harrington Blake, waiting orders," and his mind reverted to his own Annapolis days, when he would probably have been dismissed for hazing and his naval career nipped in the bud had it not been for the good offices of that same kindly spirit, Harrington Blake.

"Why not Blake?" he said aloud. "He is right on

Blake.
"Why not Blake?" he said aloud. "He is right on
the spot and could start immediately. I know he's in
town, for I saw him yesterday at church. And," he

ventured, "he has been treated rather shabbily, don't you think?"

The Chief of the Office of Detail vouchsafed no answer to this last remark, but glanced down the list of captains. "Blake is the most available," he assented. "I will see the Secretary."

The Secretary had had an excellent lunch and was amighle.

The Secretary had had all excellent black an able amiable.

"Yes, yes," he said, genially, "I shall be glad to have it so. Captain Blake is a good officer. I was very sorry to detach him from the Chippeua, though I felt it to be my duty. But he has been sufficiently punished for that indiscretion. . . Ah, he has only one more year of active service, I see. He will hardly be promoted in that time. I shall be very glad to have him spend his last year in command of one of our finest vessels. It will rehabilitate him in the eyes of the public."

vessels. It will rehabilitate him in the eyes of the public."

So the orders were issued, and young Collingwood asked to be allowed to deliver them in person instead of sending them through the mail. As this would save time, and time was an object, the request was granted. It was strange, as the tide turned in his favor, how people suddenly appeared to take an interest in Captain Blake. Among them was a young man who had sailed with him on the Chippewa and an elderly man who had been shipmate with him under Farragut. These two decided to accompany Collingwood. It would be pleasant to be the bearers of such good news.

The only address at the Department was that of the hotel. When they reached it they were astonished to find he had left it months before. "We are forwarding his mail," said the clerk. "I will find his address for you."

"Where in the world is that?" asked the elderly man, blankly.
"I think it's down near the Navy Yard, sir," said Collingwood, who knew the city pretty well.
"But what, in Heaven's name, can he be doing down

"But what, in Heaven's name, can he be doing down there?"

There being no answer forthcoming to this question, they started in pursuit of the address. Their astonishment was increased when they reached the forlorn house that corresponded to it. The slatternly landlady told them to go upstairs. She was sure the Captain was in, for he had come in the day before and had not since left his room.

told them to go upstairs. She was sure une cap was in, for he had come in the day before and had not since left his room.

"Not even for meals?" cried the elderly man, aghast. He was something of a bon viveur, and appreciated the awfulness of the thought.

"Oh, he's often that way," said the landlady, and they started upstairs.

The elderly man was a good deal out of breath at the top of the second flight, and Collingwood ran on ahead. He found the indicated door, knocked, and received no answer. He tried the knob. The door was not locked. It swung open as he pushed it.

The Captain's hat and gloves and cane lay on the bureau. The Captain himself was stretched out on the bed, apparently asleep. The violets in his button-hole were faded. Otherwise his dress was as scrupulously perfect as it had been the day before.

Collingwood tiptoed over to the bed and listened. There was no sound of breathing. He placed his hand on the old man's heart. It was still—quite still. He took off his hat and turned as his companions appeared at the door.

"Wa are too late," he said.

at the door.
"We are too late," he said.

# BROTHER JONATHAN.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

EVERY one is familiar with the soubriquet "Brother Jonathan," as applied to the American nation, and representing the national genius just as "John Bull" does that of the English people; but not all are aware that the term originated with the Father of his Country, and that the first "Brother Jonathan" was the famous War Governor of Connecticut. Such is the fact, however. Governor Trumbull was perhaps the most practical of all the Revolutionary Fathers, not excepting the merchant John Hancock, and throughout the conflict remained at his post in the little "war office" at Lebanon, Conn., solving the problem of supplying bread, meat, clothes and powder to the needy Continentals. Washington early came to lean on this patient and tireless man of affairs.

"We must consult Brother Jonathan," he said before Boston, at the first council of war held there to decide the problem of a supply of powder for the army, and an express sent to Trumbull at Lebanon soon returned followed by a wagon train bearing a supply. He repeated the expression at so many subsequent councils—at New York, in the Highlands, at Morristown and Valley Forge—that it became a household word in the army. "Brother Jonathan" stood for its beneficent genius. If a dispute arose before the campfire, or if the subject of arrears of wages was discussed, some kindly wag was sure to move that it be referred to "Brother Jonathan," and the matter would pass off with a laugh.

By and by the war closed, and officers and men re-

to "Brother Jonathan," and the matter worth a laugh.

By and by the war closed, and officers and men returned home to repeat the expression by a thousand firesides. The newspapers also aided in giving it currency. There was something about it that tickled the popular fancy. Humorous poets played upon it in their rhymes with happy effect, and naturally it came to be accepted as the national cognomen. So that the modest patriot who toiled only for country and thought not of self had the honor of giving his name to the greatest republic in history.

Sabina Monck.

Cobb—"I wanted the ushers at my wedding to have their pictures taken right after the breakfast, but it was impossible."
Nobb—"Why?"
Cobb—"The photographer couldn't make them stand up together."

# PLAYING CARDS.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

MAKING FIREWORKS FOR THE 4 JULY ON STATEMISTAND

E Yankees spend a million dollars a year for fireworks. Half this million is blown into atoms on Fourth of July alone. Now where and how are these fireworks made? The largest fireworks plant in the world is right in the middle of Staten Island. It comprises about seventy-five buildings, all inclosed, like a ball-ground, by a high board fence in an area half a mile wide by a mile long. It might be a village, but is really the plant of the "Consolidated Fireworks Company of America."

Inside the grounds you look down an avenue a straight mile long, with houses at intervals on either side like a village street. The superintendent informs you that as there is more or less gunpowder in each of these buildings, they are nearly all fireproof, being constructed of corrugated iron over steel frames with cement floors. However, only twenty-five kegs of powder—that is, one thousand pounds, just a week's supply—are kept on the ground at one time. The more ground a fireworke plant covers the less is the danger; and by an exact calculation, the superintendent shows that if all the other fireworks factories in the Union were brought together within the grounds of this particular plant, they would make only a side-show off in one corner.

Following your leader, you enter the largest build-

were brought together within the grounds of this particular plant, they would make only a side-show off in one corner.

Following your leader, you enter the largest building, where you find men and women, boys and girls (for whole families work together here), all packing pyrotechnics to be exploded on "the Fourth." Here are piled all sorts of fancy and set designs and exhibition pieces, each dressed in a gorgeous raiment of tissue paper, the entire assemblage representing every color in the rainbow. The frames vary in diameter from three to twenty feet. What are they? Well, this triangular frame, eight feet broad by ten feet high, is an "Egyptian Pyramid." When you set it off on the night of the Fourth, it will surprise you by spreading out forty feet broad and sixty feet high. And when the bill comes in you will find that "Egyptian Pyramid" cost you just \$166. The next frame is five feet square, and is an "Aurora Borealis," which, when once set a-blazing, will produce an effect thirty feet square. You can have this "Aurora" for \$48. And so the description of grotesque things in this room might go on indefinitely, showing how the "Casket of Jewels," the "Revolving Chinese Spider," the "Dazzling Diamonds," the "Pleiades," the "Italian Rosette," "Tree of Liberty" and the "Sun Burst" increase from three to twelve times their size when afire, and costing all the way from \$24 for a "Gatling Battery" to \$420 for a "Girandole." All are exhibition pieces and include such things as "Niagara Cataracts," which was viewed as it fell from the Brooklyn Bridge last October during the Columbian Celebration. For one of these "Niagara Cataracts" you pay six dollars a running foot, and not less than ten feet can be bought. Here, in the packing-room, they look like so many ten-foot lengths of gaspipe coaded with gaudy paper by mistake. By placing a number of these "Cataracts" in a continuous line, falls of any length may be produced.

The next room is stacked with larger and more costly frames technically called set designs.

gaudy paper by mistake. By placing a number of these "Cataracts" in a continuous line, falls of any length may be produced.

The next room is stacked with larger and more costly frames, technically called set designs. Here is a locomotive and train of cars which cost \$900. Here also is an "American Eagle," a "Goddess of Liberty," no end of G.A.R. badges, Saxon, Turkish and Maltese crosses, and designs representing Manufactures and Agriculture; these last burn about ten minutes and explode each \$1,350 worth of material. The most expensive single piece made by the company is "The Capitol at Washington," the frame alone being eighty-five feet wide by forty-five feet high. Uncle Sam orders it occasionally to help celebrate the inauguration of a new President, and pays \$2,000 for it. Whole displays like that of the unvailing of the Statue of Liberty cost \$5,000; for the display during the Columbian Celebration we paid \$6,000, and the Fourth of July Celebration in Philadelphia blows up \$10,000.

Now you cross the road to the building where is taken the first step in the process of the manufacture of all fireworks. Here the "cases" are made. A "case" is the strawboard wrapper holding the powder, as in a firecracker. All fireworks, of whatsoever nature—including, of course, Roman candles, skyrockets, colored lights, and firecrackers, so familiar on the Fourth—pass, in the process of manufacture, through these four principal stages; namely, making, then drying the "cases," filling them with explosive "compound," and wrapping in tissue paper.

Hundreds of "cases" are being made by boys and girls

process of manuactures, stages; namely, making, then drying the "cases," filling them with explosive "compound," and wrapping in tissue paper.

Hundreds of "cases" are being made by boys and girls while you look on. A dexterous rolling of a bit of strawboard round a spindle, a daub of paste, and the "cases" is ready for the drying-room. This room, in the building beyond, contains a maze of steampipes, where the "cases" remain for two days. Now you visit one of the filling-houses, each the size of a hall bedroom, of which there are about fifty or sixty standing in a row some thirty feet apart. The most dangerous work of all is done in these houses, and, remarkable to say, they are the only wooden buildings on the place. In having them separate, of course the danger is reduced to a minimum, as only one man and one house can vanish at a time in case of accident. It may be interesting to say here that no serious accident has ever happened in these works. In each house is a hydraulic press and a man. The press keeps jamming the "explosive compound" which the man drops into the "case" bit by bit, till the full charge is rammed home and is as hard, apparently, as stone. The "explosive compound" is a combination of gunpowder, saltpetre and charcoal. Now you follow the "case" to another building, where it is rolled into a strait-jacket of tissue paper. The fuse, if it was a frecracker, the balls or stars, if it was a Roman candle, the cap, if it was a rocket, and so on, were put in with the powder in the filling-room, and now the process is finished. If it was intended as a part of some complicated design, it must next be added to the frame. So you follow the "case" to the building where frames are

made, and there you see it lashed with wire to the particular frame for which it was destined. Aerial fireworks, bombshells—all forms of fireworks, from the simple firecracker to the most elaborate piece—are made on this fundamental principle.

One man designs all frames; his duty is to devise new designs each season and to carry out suggestions for special designs which Fourth of July committees, County and State Fair representatives, political campaigners and others are constantly sending in. The designer turns his drawings over to workmen, who with many strips of wood, some glue and a lot of brads, put them into substantial form. As the Fourth is approaching you find these men putting together "American Eagles," "Minute Men," "Liberty Caps," and all sorts of mottoes relating to Independence Day. You will notice one man nailing an ear to a wooden outline portrait of President Cleveland, another glueing George Washington to his horse, another twisting and bending the head of Miss Columbia into shape, and so on. Any fancy, comic or sentimental design, or any portrait that may be desired, is made to order.

Now you follow down a board sidewalk to the rear end of the grounds, separated from the main part by a high board fence. Here torpedoes are made. The fence is to keep employees of this department out of the main inclosure. For instance, a torpedo is apt to stick to a man's foot. Now, if he were at liberty to rove among the gunpowder in the other buildings, that torpedo being subject to spontaneous combustion, something inconvenient might happen to the man and to all about him. So the superintendent opens a gate in the fence with his private key, and the next moment you are seeing torpedoes turned out by the thousands. These are the little ones which children buy on the Fourth in packages for one cent. Their creation is at the mercy of six machines. The first swallows a broad sheet of white tissue paper and cuts it into squares measuring about two inches each way, these being punched, down into holes in a tray

hand. In this one plant torpedoes are turned out by millions. In round numbers it turns out 12,000,000 a year of the larger ones, and 150,000,000 of the smaller ones.

Returning to the main part of the plant, you stroll down the board walk toward the entrance, gathering from the superintendent interesting facts about firecrackers. We, in this country, have as yet been unable to make smaller crackers, such as we touch off in packs on the Fourth, at a price as low as that paid for those from China. Then you recall that the firecrackers which you saw making here were none of them smaller than the ones which sell in the shops for a cent apiece. With these and all larger sizes we are able to beat the Chinese, but not with the little ones. The reason, of course, is on account of the cheapness of Chinese labor. A pigtailed Mongolian will make firecrackers from sun to sun for less than one cent, and if he's a good hand he can form about 2,000 firecrackers in that time. Even little tots with only four years to their credit make firecrackers over there. As the Chinese can make 1,000 firecrackers for forty-five cents, we are unable, therefore, to compete with their price in this country, even when freight, insurance and a duty of two hundred per cent are added. The Consolidated Company recently attempted to make small firecrackers in favorable competition, but it was obliged to discontinue the experiment until some means is devised of reducing the cost.

This plant turns out annually \$600,000 worth of fireworks, two-thirds of the entire amount used in the United States. In the course of the year it uses 12,000 pounds of gunpowder, 5,000 pounds each of saltpetre and charcoal, 10,000 pounds of strawboard and fifty reams of colored tissue paper. And now we are confronted with the remarkable fact that the process of converting all this raw material into marketable fireworks employs only 300 people. The explanation lies in the fact that the work is done quickly.

The insurance rates on fireworks factories, instead of being exo

UNIFORMS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

UNIFORMS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

And this is the extraordinary, altruistic movement made by the city of Detroit, in behalf of her thousands of uniforms worn by officers of the United States militia. The following is a brief description of the separate figures given: (1) Chapeau—worn by all general officers, the point worn a little to the left, so as to show brass ornament with eagle, in front. Hat and ostrich feathers, black. (2) Brigadier-General—eight buttons, by twos; one star button on epaulette; sash under belt or over, tied on left side. (3) Major-General—with shoulder-knots instead of epaulettes; aiguillettes and decorations. The cord of aiguillette fastened to helmet when on. (4) Cavalry sabre, with

attachment. (5) Major-General—nine buttons on each side, in sets of threes. Entire suit dark-blue, no stripes on trousers; sash buff silk net, or silk and bullion. Only officers above rank of Brigadier-General may wear it over shoulder—left shoulder. Epaulettes have a large star, small star and button. (6) Sergeant of Cavalry—fatigue uniform: three gilt chevrous on sleeve—Corporal has two. (7) West Point Cadet—Sergeant—black stripe on trousers. Those below this rank wear cap with solid pompour, as shown in 15. (8) General Officers' overcoat, with cape. (9) Colonel, Lieutenant—Colonel or Major of Cavalry, Infantry or Artillery—the plume, pad of shoulder-knot and stripe of trousers are yellow for cavalry, white for infantry, and red for artillery. Colonels, and all under Colonels, wear light-blue trousers, with stripes the color of their arms. All mounted officers wear boots while mounted. (10) Corporal of Cavalry—two chevrous. Boots. (11) Company Officer—captains and under—no plume, unless belonging to cavalry, in which case all wear them. Privates the same, only no sword, no shoulder-straps. The summer helmet is like the Navy white one. (12) Captain of Cavalry—overcoat, forage cap. (13) Undress worn with shoulder-straps. Fatigue, or forage cap. (14) Trumpeter of Cavalry—red facings and plume, etc. Boots.



IT is a trite fact to chronicle that, all over this broad land, there are thousands of men and women out of work. Many have been the means devised for their relief. Magnificent has been the outpouring of charity. Millionaires have given of their pleuty, and those in humble circumstances have added their mite; all in all, seldom has our country witnessed, on the one hand, so manifest and pitiful sufferings, and, on the other, so many wholesome attempts to remedy the existing state of affairs. As was stated in the Senate not long ago, by Hon. Jacob H. Gallinger, of New Hampshire: "As need begets need, so poverty and misery beget poverty and misery. To me, it is a sad spectacle. It has gone beyond a matter of astonishment; it has become a matter of horror. Our country is filled with spindles, and yet thousands die of cold." A bright idea came to Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, as he thought over these things. The city, last winter, expended over \$150,000 trying to keep the unemployed from starving. The outlook for the ensuing season in even more desperate. There are many local conditions, in addition to the general causes, which make the stagnation in business circles, in this mid-Western city, complete. The rich lock up their factories, and tour through Europe. Mayor Pingree has gone through several sieges of this sort, and determined to look over the edge of the future, if possible. Then a unique circumstance, in municipal affairs, happened. The Mayor went to the telephone and called up Lansing, eighty-seven miles away. He inquired for Mr. Turner, a milionaire, who is so much of a farmer that he runs a fancy stock farm. There may have been a little political sarcasm in this, but that did not affect the result.

'Hello, Turner,'' said the Mayor, 'how many bushels of potatoes do you plant to the acre? What's that? Seven? Too late to plant 'em yet? No! And beans, how many bushels to the acre? Two? All right!'

Then, to the astonished onlookers, the Mayor said: "I have a new idea to make the poor comfortable. Let us go i

ployed workingman have his acre or ground. To saive to raise enough to help along a good deal for the coming year."

The Mayor found that there are something like 17,000 acres of unoccupied city lots within the boundaries of Detroit. The next step was to get permission from the owners to allow the city to plow and plant as many of these multitudinous plats as could be secured. It was a work that went with a will! Offers came in on every hand. Rich men said that their sub-divisions, running from a few lots to several hundred acres, might be used for the purposes designated by the Mayor. The churches took hold, and are contributing liberally. A meeting of citizens gave the opportunity, and leading lawyers, politicians, judges and merchants spoke in behalf of the land enterprise. Judge Chapin said that it was good, and that it would have a tendency to lessen crime, for the hungry man will steal. Then he put down \$50. The fund grew rapidly. Plows were telegraphed for. An army officer was designated as chief of the agricultural bureau, but he could not serve.

And then the Mayor showed his faith in the notion by saying: "If any more land is needed I will consent to having my front lawn plowed up, and my rear garden!"

The plats of ground offered are in all parts of the

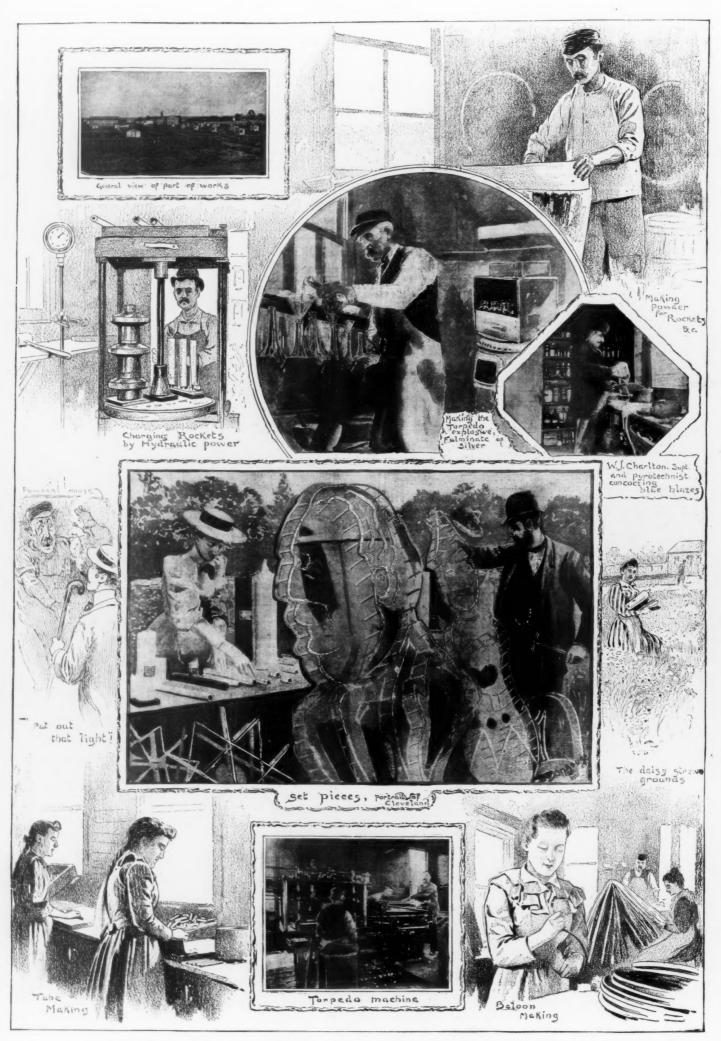
den!"

The plats of ground offered are in all parts of the city. Many are on the aristocratic avenues. The singular spectacle will soon obtain of poor laborers fighting potato bugs next adjoining the mansions of the million-

aires.

And this is the extraordinary, altruistic moveme made by the city of Detroit, in behalf of her thousan of unemployed.

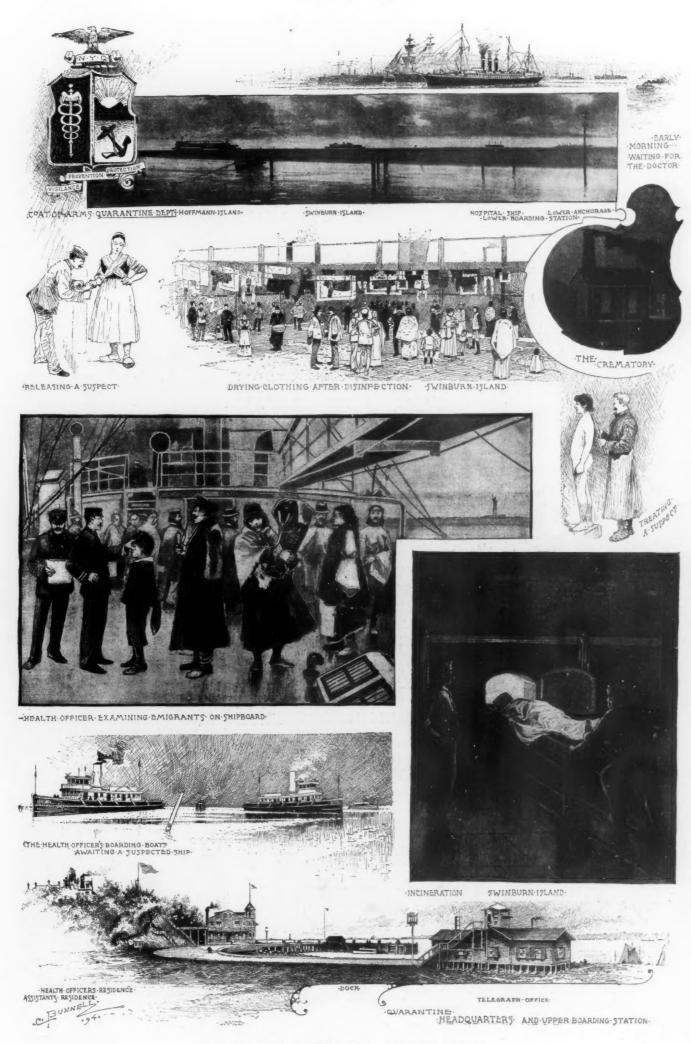
For steady nerves and good sleep use Bromo-Seltzer. Contains no Anti-Pyrine.



WHERE WE GET OUR AMMUNITION FOR THE GLORIOUS FOURTH OF JULY.

SKETCHES AT A FIREWORKS FACTORY ON STATEN ISLAND.

(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by BENGOUGH.—See page 7.)



OUR QUARANTINE PROCESSES.

(Drawn specially for Once a Week by C. Bunnell.)
(See page 15.)

# BALLADE OF THE SUMMER GIRL

In fact my heart goes pit-a-pat
To see her trip so bitthe and fleet
Unto the beach and on a mat
Of silk, cross-legged, take a seat;
Tis joy to see her ride so neat
The waves that round her swish and swirl—
In madeap bliss I ever greet
The airy farry summer girl.

'Tis when the moonlight frosts the cat And ripples in the dimpled wheat, I dream about an urban flat

ENVOI.

Give me the land where flies no sleet,
Where Maytime's glories e'er unfurl,
And for its Rose of Love complete
The airy fairy summer girl. —R. K. MUNEITTRICK.

# GENERAL GRANT AND THE MEXICAN RAILROADS.

MEXICAN RAILROADS.

ENERAL GRANT is well known as a great soldier, as a true patriot and as an honest statesman, but only a few realized that one of his most remarkable endowments was his power of observation and of arriving at the right conclusion respecting any subject which came within his notice. His career in Mexico offers a very remarkable instance of that power. He went to that country as a mere boy, being only twenty-four years old, and as an enemy of Mexico, for he was second lieutenant of the invading army, first under General Taylor and afterward under General Scott. His opportunities of becoming acquainted with the country were very limited, and yet, his powers of observation were such that he understood it as well as if he had been a man mature in age, and as if he had every facility for studying its people. Not only did he understand it thoroughly, but he deeply sympathized with it, and acquired a love for Mexico which he afterward found occasion to show in a becoming way. He understood that railways were the main need of Mexico, because without them the resources of the country could not be developed; and when, during the last years of his life, he went, as a friend, to see the country he had visited thirty-five years before, as an enemy, he took a very important part in promoting the building of railroads there, no doubt foreseeing that they were destined to develop a very large trade between Mexico and his own country.

I intend to outline in this article, in a very brief way,

there, no doubt foreseeing that they were usually develop a very large trade between Mexico and his own country.

I intend to outline in this article, in a very brief way, the great interest General Grant felt in that enterprise and the steps he took toward its accomplishment. In doing so I will mainly use General Grant's own words, contained in private letters addressed to me, which, with the exception of one, have never been published before. I will also mention, in a casual way, some incidents of his visit to Mexico in the spring of 1880.

General Grant did not consider as ended the trip he made around the world, until he again visited Mexico, where he had been before in 1846-48, as an officer of the United States Army during the unfortunate war which took place at that time. The young lieutenant found himself then in the difficult position of fulfilling, on one hand, his military duty, and participating, on the other, in a war which his judgment and sense of equity convinced him was not a just one; and from that time he conceived a great sympathy for the country he helped to conquer with his sword.

Several years later, when he became the foremost citizen of his country, and filled the highest positions which the confidence of his Government and the vote of his fellow-citizens could bestow upon any man, he showed, on several occasions, the greatest and most sincere sympathy for that country, whose real condition he understood perfectly well, and the utmost willingness to assist her and render any service within his reach.

In pursuance of that purpose General Grant sailed

ness to assist her and render any service within his reach.

In pursuance of that purpose General Grant sailed from New York in February, 1880, accompanied by his wife, his son Frederick, who was also accompanied by his wife, Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan, then in command of the U. S. Army, and Mrs. Sheridan. The party stopped a few days at Havana, leaving that port for Vera Cruz about the middle of February, in the steamer City of Mexico. They had to take that route because there was then no railway communication between Mexico and the United States over land, and from Vera Cruz they could not go by rail to the City of Mexico, making in about sixteen hours a distance of two hundred and sixty-two English miles.

The Mexican Government, which had been notified of the intended visit of General Grant, made preparations to receive him as the nation's guest, and commissioned for that object General Ignacio Mejia, a majorgeneral in our regular army, who had been Secretary of War during the French intervention under President Juarez's administration, and the writer of these lines, then Postmaster-General of Mexico. I was fortunately personally acquainted with General Grant since October, 1864, when he had his headquarters at City Point, Virginia, and was in command of the armies of the United States in front of Richmond and Petersburg, and it was my privilege, from that date, to be on terms of personal intimacy with him, and to rely, in a great measure, on his acknowledged sympathy and efficient co-operation for the fulfillment of the mission which

the Mexican Government had intrusted to me at this capital up to July, 1868, when I returned home.

General Grant landed at Vera Cruz on the 18th of February, 1880, and, in reply to an address which I made to him, in the name of the President of Mexico, welcoming him to our country and offering him the hospitalities of the nation, he spoke as follows:

"I am greatly obliged to the President of Mexico for having conveyed his congratulations upon my arrival, through you, whom I have known in the service of Mexico under circumstances very difficult in our respective countries. For a long time I have desired to visit Mexico, and I am greatly gratified at having realized this desire. I believe that the progress and prosperity of Mexico is no more earnestly desired by your countrymen than by my own; and as one of hospitalities of the nation, he spoke as follows:

"I am greatly obliged to the President of Mexico for having conveyed his congratulations upon my arrival, through you, whom I have known in the service of Mexico under circumstances very difficult in our respective countries. For a long time I have desired to visit Mexico, and I am greatly gratified at having realized this desire. I believe that the progress and prosperity of Mexico is no more earnestly desired by your countrymen than by my own; and, as one of them, I may say that I entertain the most ardent desires for the aggrandizement of this beautiful country."

Neuritherading the propagations made by the either the progressity of the propagations and the propagations are propagations.

prosperity of Mexico is no more earnestly desired by your countrymen than by my own; and, as one of them, I may say that I entertain the most ardent desires for the aggrandizement of this beautiful country."

Notwithstanding the preparations made by the city of Vera Cruz to honor General Grant, we left that port on the very day of his arrival, on account of the possible danger to himself or his party from yellow fever, a danger which is, however, very remote during the winter. We stayed in Orizaba, a city situated over four thousand feet above the level of the sea, beyond the region visited by the scourge and about eighty miles west of Vera Cruz, on the road to the City of Mexico. We remained there till the 21st, having visited, on the 20th, the city of Cordoba, seventeen miles east of Orizaba, on the railroad from Vera Cruz to Mexico. We left Orizaba on the 21st and arrived at the City of Mexico the same evening. The General remained at the Capital, visiting the city and its surroundings till the 4th of March, when he went to Pachuca, a mining town and the capital of the State of Hidalgo, adjoining the federal district to the northeast, for the purpose of visiting the mines around that city. Returning on the 8th, from Pachuca to Ometusco, a station on the Vera Cruz Railroad, we there took the train for the city of Puebla, where we stayed till the 12th, when we returned to the City of Mexico. On the 13th the General visited Ttalpam, or San Austin, as he calls it in his "Personal Memoirs," a town about ten miles south of the City of Mexico on the slope of the mountains which surround that side of the valley of Mexico. On the 15th he visited Ameca, a village located at the foot of the Volcano of Popocatepetl, on the Morelos Railroad, thirty-six miles southeast of the City of Mexico. On the 15th he visited Ameca, a village located at the foot of the Volcano of Popocatepetl, on the Morelos Railroad, thirty-six miles southeast of the City of Mexico. On the 15th of March, 1890, arriving at Vera Cruz on the 19th, sail

need of apologizing for its Spanish construction and its incorrect style. The letter is as follows:

General Ulysses S. Grant:

\*\*Minkria, Mexico, March 16, 1880.\*\*

\*\*Dear General\*\* — Believing, the Mexicans who sign this letter, that the principal need of their country is the construction of railroads, which will facilitate the extraction to proper markets of their products without the heavy charges for freight to which they are now subjected; and that the said roads, once built, the general condition of the country will improve considerably, its elements of wealth will be developed, and that disturbances and insecurity, caused in a great measure by the poverty of the people and the want of occupation for the people, will cease with the prosperity and abundance in the country, we have to-day decided to organize Mexican companies which will undertake at once to obtain the proper grants from the Federal Government for the construction of railroads which will place us in any easy and cheap communication among ourselves with both seas and with the markets of the United States. In attempting this enterprise we do not have in view the personal advantages which might result from its success, but the great benefits that our country will derive from its realization.

We believe that, after ourselves, none will be more

benefits that our country will derive from its realization.

We believe that, after oursefves, none will be more interested in the construction of railroads in Mexico than the United States, both because the Mexican railroads will increase the business of the North American lines, which are coming to our frontier, and because, by the increase of the traffic between the two Republics—which will be the necessary consequence of the construction of the said lines—the United States could buy from us some of the tropical fruits—as sugar, coffee, and tobacco—which they now purchase principally from Cuba and Brazil, paying for them in specie; while to us they could pay in manufactures which they produce, and which we need from abroad, and now buy principally from European nations.

Wishing, therefore, that the business men of the United States, and especially the railroad corporations, will co-operate with us in the construction of railroads

We are, General, very sincerely and respectfully your obedient servants, Vincente Riva Palacio, Eulogio G. Gillow, M. Romero, Ignacio Mejia, Mariano Yanez, Jose Maria Mata, Juan J. Martinez Zorrilla, Alberto Terreros, Jno. B. Frisbie, Jose Ives Limantour, Fernando Mendizabal.

General Grant replied to us the next day, in an autograph letter, which shows that he had understood perfectly well what was the condition of Mexico, and that the way to better the same would be by developing the country by means of railways. This letter reads as

the way to better the same would be by developing the country by means of railways. This letter reads as follows:

MESICA, March 17, 1880.

MESICA, March 17, 1880.

MESICA, March 17, 1880.

MESICA, March 17, 1880.

MESICA, WEILA, AND OTHERS:

Gentlemen—I have your letter of yesterday's date, setting forth a project for organizing to build railroads in the Republic of Mexico, to the end that cheap transportation may be afforded to carry out the vast products of which this country is capable to the Gulf of Mexico, to the Pacific and to the United States, and setting forth the vast advantage such roads would be to both Republics, particularly to the roads in the United States coming to the border of Mexico, and asking my co-operation in securing such aid as may be necessary to carry out this laudable project.

The natural resources of Mexico warrant the execution of your project. My visit to this country convinces me that the people are sober, industrious and frugal, and that, with employment, the periodical disturbances which have heretofore afflicted the country would wholly disappear. The building of the projected roads would employ many thousands of heads of families, it would open fields for the production of sugar, coffee, tobacco, and many other articles valuable in commerce; make mines that are now practically inaccessible valuable, thus affording abundant employment for all who choose to labor and open fields for millions yet to come. To my own country it would be of inestimable value. Mexico could furnish all those articles which we now import from tropical countries, and which take but little from us in return but specie, and take advantage of our necessities to fill their treasuries by charging export duties upon all we take from them. These roads would bring the two Republics in easy, quick and healthy communication at all seasons of the year, would lead us to know each other better, to appreciate each other more highly, and strengthen the bands of friendship. Each nation would become interested in th

(Signed) U. S. Grant.

Scarcely had General Grant returned to the United States when he began to carry out the promises he had made to his Mexican friends in the preceding lines. In a letter which he addressed to me on April 13, 1880, from Memphis, Tenn., he relates what he had accomplished up to that time in behalf of Mexico, in the following words:

plished up to that time in the lower of the country words:

Memphis, Tenn., April 13, 1880.

Hon. M. Romero:

Dear Sir—I have found much opportunity of talking with influential business and railroad people about our relations with Mexico, the importance of close friendly and commercial relations between the two Republics, connecting roads and steamship lines, etc., and have found every one with whom I talked appreciative of the subject. There is no doubt in my mind but that, if Mexico will give the proper encouragement, the most important roads in the country will be taken hold of by capitalists who have the means and energy to build them in the shortest possible time, and that without the enormous subsidies Mexico has been giving heretofore to such enterprises and within a less period. Then passengers will be able to take the cars in New York City for the City of Mexico direct—time, six or seven days. No one can estimate the immense benefit to both nations. Mexico will be able to furnish the United States alone with two hundred million dollars' worth a year of her tropical and semi-tropical products, which she has to import now, and can produce an indefinite amount be sides for markets elsewhere. The revenues of the State can be raised from sixteen to eighteen millions annually, without being one-half the burden upon our production felt now in the absence of transportation for her surplus. I confess that much may depend upon the result of your approaching Presidential election. If that goes off quietly, and the President-elect, whoever he may be, is quietly and peaceably inaugurated, I feel that the

INDISPUTABLE.

Why spend \$1, for a bottle of medicine when o cham's pills, costing only 25 cents (annual sale exboxes) will cure most diseases? This is because or cause of most ailments and Beecham's pills cure ovaluable book of knowledge mailed free, on request Co., 355 Canal St., New York.

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future of the country may be regarded as secured. I most sincerely hope for this result, and in this belief I express the views of ninety-nine per cent of my coun-

I will write when I have anything of interest to com-municate and will always be glad to hear from you. Very truly yours, (Signed) U. S. GRANT.

(Signed) U. S. Grant.

This letter shows the earnestness with which General Grant took upon himself the task of assisting Mexico to realize her most pressing need. Fortunately, the condition he mentions as necessary to insure success—the peaceful transmission of power in Mexico—was realized, as General Manuel Gonzales was elected Constitutional President in October, 1880, and on the 1st of December of the same year was inaugurated as such.

On the 21st of June, 1880, General Grant addressed to me, from Galena, Ill., the following letter:

MY DEAR MR. ROMERO—Your letter of 17th May came duly to hand.

My Dear Mr. Romero—Your letter of 17th May came duly to hand.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

I do not doubt now but the work will go on with great rapidity, and that Mexico will commence upon a remarkable development and prosperity. If I could go East and attend to interesting the proper parties in the enterprise, I believe I could form m syndicate that could build a complete system of roads over the country, all at once, and on terms less oppressive to the Government of Mexico than she will necessarily have to submit to having each road built by separate corporations. Without going into detail, my idea is, that the subsidy might be given in Government bonds, bearing six per cent interest, accompanied by a free banking system; these bonds being the basis upon which the paper money would be secured, the Government making them legal tender in payment of debts to Government and individuals, the banking and railroad companies taking a share of the responsibility of keeping the notes at par with silver until the Government credit was made good by the very development of the resources of the country which the roads would bring about.

Mexico could, in a few years, furnish us with two hundred million dollars' worth of the products of her soil; she would take, in return, a large part of the products of our country's manufactures. But if Mexico can retain at home her precious metals, she will be rich enough without drawing from sbroad.

I repeat what I have said before, if Mexico gets through her present Presidential struggle and inauguration without strife, I feel that her future is secured. The two Republics can be of great mutual benefit. You are at liberty to show anything I write to you to the President or any one you choose. You ask, also, if you are at liberty to show anything I write you.

Very truly yours, (Signed) U. S. Grant.

I believe that his plan for the building of railroads in Mexico would have been more advantageous to the

I believe that his plan for the building of railroads in Mexico would have been more advantageous to the country than the system that followed. What he fore-saw he fortunately lived long enough to see partially realized.

saw he fortunately lived long enough to be partially realized.

Mr. C. P. Huntington, of the Southern Pacific Railway Company, addressed a letter (May, 1880) to General Grant, at Galena, Ill., expressing his desire to extend his line into Mexico, and begging him to recommend his enterprise to the Mexican Government. General Grant sent me the original letter, above mentioned, with his indorsement, written in his own hand, on the 21st, worded as follows:

21st, worded as follows:

My Dear Mr. Romero—This letter will explain itself. I have cheerfully given the letter asked for, and have given it directly to the President. Mr. Huntington is one of five or six capitalists who own the Central Pacific Road, and are now building the Southern Pacific. I sincerely trust this may prove the beginning of a railroad system which I know would benefit Mexico so much, financially and politically.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) U. S. Grant.

Galena Ill., May 21, 1880.

At the same time he addressed, on the same day, letter to General Diaz, who was then, as he is now, resident of Mexico, in regard to the matter, in the following terms:

His Excellency P. Diaz, President Republic of

HIS EXCELLENCY P. DIAZ, PRESIDENT REPUBLIC OF MEXICO:

My Dear Mr. President—During my late and very pleasant visit to the Republic, presided over so ably by you, I had the honor to have several conversations with you, at your solicitation, on the subject of a Mexico and international railroad system as a means of developing the great resources of your country and of establishing brotherly and commercial relations between the two countries. You will probably remember that I then stated that, whenever either of the great railroad corporations now pressing toward the borders of Mexico should apply for a concession to build roads in the country, the concession might be granted with the full assurance that, whatever was undertaken by them they would find the means to accomplish, and their work would be completed in the shortest practicable time. Among the corporations mentioned by me was the Southern Pacific Road, now being built along the 32d North latitude. I am now asked by Mr. C. P. Huntington, one of the capitalists building that railroad, for a letter to some influential person connected with your Government, indorsing their ability to carry out whatever they may agree to.

I give this letter cheerfully, and would be highly delighted if it should contribute in any degree to the consummation of what I believe to be of the utmost importance to Mexico and of great benefit to the United States—the connection of the two Republies by a through railroad system, such as the United States and the Dominion of Canada now have.

With assurance of high personal regard, I am, very respectfully, Your obedient servant.

(Signed) U. S. Grant.

Mr. C. P. Huntington has already built a railroad in Mexico, without subsidy from Piedras Negras, opposite

to several points, and intends to extend it finally to the City of Mexico and to the Pacific coast.

General A. T. A. Torbert, having undertaken to go to Mexico in behalf of several capitalists of the United States, who were desirous of building railroads in that country, applied to General Grant for a letter of introduction, and he gave him the following, which further expresses his views about railroad-building in Mexico:

States, who were desirous of building railroaus in unacountry, applied to General Grant for a letter of introduction, and he gave him the following, which further expresses his views about railroad-building in Mexico:

Mantrou Springs, Cot., August 10, 1880.

My Dear Mr. Romero—This will introduce to you General A. T. A. Torbert, formerly of the regular army, and Major-General in the late war, under Sheridan. Since the war General Torbert left the army, and Major-General in the late war, under sheridan. Since the war General Torbert left the army, and has represented this country as Minister to one of the Central American States, as Consul-General to Cuba, and also as Consul-General to France. He visits Mexico to represent a scheme for building rail-roads and making other national improvements in Mexico by the Government itself, which looks, to me, practical and feasible.

I have looked over the plan carefully, but have not had time to consider it sufficiently to pronounce a positive judgment. But it is so much in the direction of what I hinted in a letter I wrote you in June, which I did deliberate on, that I think well of it.

It has the advantage over the plan that I had thought of in this, that it leaves the property, when completed, in the hands of the Government of Mexico, while mine contemplated a foreign friendship.

I feel, as you know, a sincere interest in the progress of Mexico, both as a friend of the country and as an American desiring the progress of my own country. We are now consumers of about two hundred million dollars' worth of tropical and semi-tropical products produced by countries collecting export duties, and which take nothing in exchange to speak of but gold. Mexico, with facilities for transportation, could furnish the whole of this and much more. With close commercial relations between the two countries a warm friendship would spring up, both would grow stronger and prove a protection to Republicanism.

With kind regards to all the people, from whom I received so much kindness durin

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

THE simple apparatus shown in the accompanying illustration will serve admirably to explain to a child why the earth, in revolving on its axis, becomes flattened at the poles and bulges at the equator. To construct it take a circular piece of pasteboard pierced at the centre with two holes, through which a string is passed, and by means of which—simply by twisting and untwisting—the pasteboard may be made to rotate with great velocity. Insert in the thickness of the pasteboard four bits of wire—hairpins broken in two will do perfectly well—placing them at the extremities of two diameters of the round, which diameters should be at right angles to one another.

Now cut out two rings of stiff paper having a diameter slightly greater than that of the round of pasteboard, pass one through the other until they are at right angles



to one another, then paste together the portions which overlap and write on them "North Pole" and "South Pole." The rings will represent two meridians placed at right angles. Pierce holes in the centres of the four arcs which compose these meridians. These holes will be on the Equator. Let the four bits of wire pass through them. The two rings will then be joined to the centre round of pasteboard, but may, on being flattened, slide up and down the wire which supports without keeping them in a fixed position. The two strings passing through the holes in the round should be united and passed through the two holes pierced at the North Pole and the South Pole. The apparatus thus constructed is clearly shown in the cut. Now set the round of paste board in motion till the strings are twisted, then draw on the strings to produce the swift rotation of the round. In doing so you will see the meridians lose their circular form; the parts corresponding to the two poles become flattened, while a corresponding enlargement is visible at the centre. This experiment illustrates exactly what takes place when the earth turns on its axis, and will make a child readily understand the process.

"SUMMER HORES"—A beautifully illustrated book, list of SUMMER HORES"—A beautifully illustrated book, list of

Mr. C. P. Huntington has already built a railroad in Mexico, without subsidy from Piedras Negras, opposite Eagle Pass, Texas, to the city of Durango, with branches

# GOSSIP ABOUT CHESS AND CHECKERS.

ARRANGEMENTS are already under way for the first annual tournament of the Minneapolis (Minn.) Chess Club, the date of which has been set for February 22 next. At an impromptu tournament of the club recently, Mr. Hill won first prize and Mr. Somers second. While praising Herr Lasker's work in the recent match, the Glasgow Herald expressed the belief that Mr. Steintz's playing throughout the contest was not equal to his reputation.

Active preparations are being made for the German International Chess Congress, to be held in Leipzig, in August next.

In a recent exhibition game at blindfold chess, in the rooms of the Cosmopolitan Club, at Montreal, H. N. Pillsbury engaged twelve opponents, winning from seven and losing to five of them.

The Franklin Chess Club, of Philadelphia, misses the services of its excellent president, Dr. Frazer, who has gone for a four months' tour of Europe.

SOLUTION TO CHESS PROBLEM NO. 1.

BLACK. K takes Kt K moves white.
(a) 1 Q to R8
2 Kt to Q3 ch (b)  $1 \frac{1}{2 Q \text{ to B3 ch, etc.}}$ K to B4 or Kt6 (c) 1 Kt (Kt2) to B4 ch, etc. (d)  $1 \frac{}{2}$  Q to B3 ch, etc. B takes P

PROBLEM NO. 2.-BY FRANK HEALEY, LONDON



# CHECKERS.

PROBLEM NO. 1. HIN, BOSTON, MASS.



"POUZIANI OPENING wing game was one of twis J. Lee and John Curr

P-K4
K-Kt-B3
P-B3
P-Q4
B-K-Kt5
B-Kt5
B-Kt5
B-Kt5
P-Q5
Q-Kt-Q2
P-K-R3
P-K-Kt4
Q-K2
Kt-P-XP
Castles

# BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

ONE of those interesting revolutionary events, which patriotic Americans delight in recalling, was celebrated on the 28th inst. over in New Jersey. This was the battle of Monmouth, the one hundred and sixteenth anniversary of which occurred last Thursday. The illustration herewith published represents some of the interesting objects to be still seen on the old battle-ground, including the fine monument dedicated ten years ago. This, as any Jerseyman knows, is a shaft one hundred feet high, of New England granite, with five beautiful bronze tablets illustrating the following incidents:

1—Ramsey defending his guns. 2—Washington rallying his troops. 3—Molly Pitcher. 4—Council of war at Hopewell. 5—Wayne's charge.

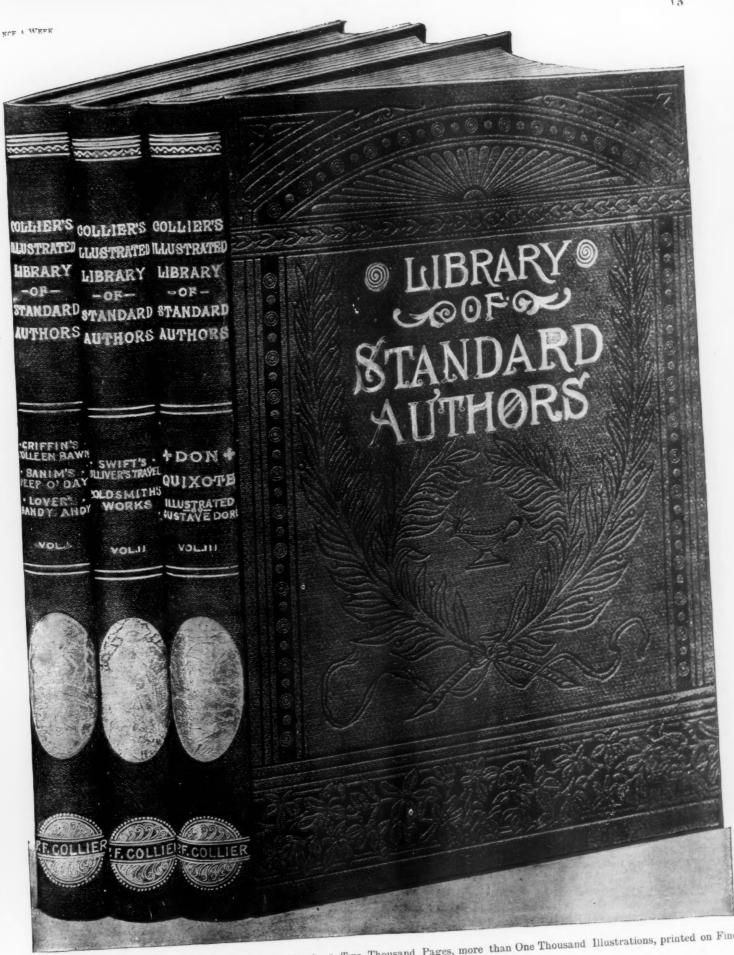
Each of these tablets is five feet high and six feet wide. The particular tablet which attracts most notice and admiration is that representing the brave Moll Pitch-er taking charge of the gun after her husband's death.

Young Callow—"Oh, yes, you know, I completely lost my head."
Miss Crisp—"Oh, well, it is not at all likely that anybody noticed it."

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has bused for children with never-failing ruccess. It corrects acidity the stomach, relieves wind coile, regulates the bowels, cures diarra whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tremedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.



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Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," copiously illustrated, also the Life of the Author; Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," together with "She Stoops to Conquer," and his other dramatic works.

VOLUME TWO CONTAINS
Gerald Griffin's "Collegians," which Boucicault dramatized in "Colleen Bawn." John Banim's "Peep o' Day

Boys" is a typical story of Irish insurrectionary movements at the end of the last century. "Crohoore of the Billhook" is the most powerful of the author's "Tales of the O'Hara Family," a series which achieved immediate and decided success in English literature, at the time of its publication in 1825. "Crohoore of the Billhook" was written by Michael Banim. The world has laughed goodnaturedly for half a century over Lover's "Handy Andy," and we need not insist on its merits.

is taken up exclusively by that supreme book—half way between sacred and profane literature—"Don Quixote," by Cervantes. The illustrations in this volume are by Gustave Dore. The work itself is a classic, and is rated, without a dissenting voice among critics, as one of the imperishable literary masterpieces of the world.

THE ABOVE WILL BE PRESENTED AS A PREMIUM with a year's subscription to ONCE A WEEK and its SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY: \$6.50; payable scription to ONCE A WEEK and its SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY: ad-\$1.00 on delivery, balance at rate of 50 cents monthly, collected at Subscriber's address.

# WHAT WE WEAR.

WHAT WE WEAR.

VERYBODY is fleeing to the country or the seaside, and everybody else is deep in preparations against a speedy departure. Those who took time by the forelock and accomplished their summer shopping and had their summer gowns made early in the season have reason to congratulate themselves now, when the dilatory ones are bemoaning the necessity of going to the dressmaker's with the thermometer in the nineties. The pleasant excitement of buying new clothes is certainly much modified when it entails spending an hour on a warm day in a stuffy fitting-room—it always is stuffy there, in a double sense. But I suppose it's ungrateful to repine over what is really a small grievance compared with the harrowing one of not being able to renew one's wardrobe at all. And then think of the dressmakers! I have always been impressed with a sense of the sublime altruism of their calling. Fancy planning and toiling to create the most exquisite gowns for other women to reap the glory and triumph thereof. I should die of envy in a week.

In my latest peregrinations among the shops I carefully shunned the costumes and millinery departments—for once I cross those tempting boundaries I have

eyes for nothing else—and devoted my attention more exclusively to some of the smaller though scarcely less important items of dress. Conspicuous among these are the new parasols, than which nothing could be more deliciously feminine and coquettish—to say nothing of perishable—but then fragility seems to be an inherent attribute of beauty. The white one shown in the cut is made of silk with dainty trinmings of light-green ribbon, and a white chiffon frill about the edge. The other is of black chiffon gath-





tremely natty-looking, all edged with brown or blue leather whipped on with harness stitch. Even the buckle on the belt and the trimmings of the bag are covered with leather. The cap is a trifle

which leave no scope for the exercise of personal taste or skill.

In a previous number I mentioned that white duck was being freely used for the manufacture of various little addenda of the feminine toilet. A few of these are sketched on this page. They are exsketched on this page.

a serge skirt and coat, the latter having a quite novel and superior collar worth copying.

To be well shod is one of the most distinctive marks of a well-dressed woman. This implies taste and careful selection, unless one has one's own bootmaker who makes all one's shoes on a personal last out of the best materials and in the most approved styles. But as every one cannot afford to have shoes made to order, a few hints about buying them readymade may not be amiss. Cheap shoes are a delusion and a snare. In the first place they prove very expensive, as they wear out with astonishing quickness; and besides that, they lose their shape in a few days and lend a very shoddy appearance to the foot. Well-made shoes may cost double as much, but they will last three times as long, and to the end of their days will wear comfortably and look shapely. The accompanying cut shows the newest styles in every kind of foot-wear. No. 1 is a lady's riding-boot, made in patent or Russia leather; the price of a pair is ten dollars. No. 2 is one of the newest and most popular shoes on the market. It is made of Russia calf with Piccadilly toe and six buttons. No. 3 is a white duck Oxford tie suitable to wear with white duck or other light summer gowns. Some are trimmed with white calf, but the best-

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a patent leather vamp and black Suède back, and is decorated with a steel buckle. No. 11 is a laced walking shoe of two shades of Russia calf, the upper being dark and the vamp light. No. 12 is a neat little dress shoe of patent leather, with French kid trimming, or it may be all French kid if preferred. Very light shades of tan, Russia calf and Russia goat are fashionable for walking and outing shoes this season. Of the latter kind there are many varieties, suited to different sports. The bicycle shoe is not unlike the tennis shoe, except that it has a leather sole and different trimmings. Low bathing shoes are made of black stockingette, with cork soles; or, if preferred, long stockings may be procured, having cork soles attached. A very wide shoe with an extension sole, called the Scotch edge, is much patronized by growing boys and girls. All these varieties of footwear were seen at Mr. A. J. Cammeyer's, to whom thanks are due for information and permission to make sketches.

I see a good many desirable remnants of silk on the bargain counters lately, marked down to very low prices indeed. It is wisdom to invest in some of these. Silk in large or small quantities can always be turned to good account, and it gives one a delightful sense of security to have a little stock of possible linings and trimmings laid by against the inevitable emergencies.

I wendolen Jag

# ABOUT WOMEN.

ABOUT WOMEN.

MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, a wellawell as the popular author of some clever.
New England stories, is at present in London, where she is welcomed as an addition to the fashionable intellectual circles
there. A writer in the last number of the
Pall Mall Budget says of Mrs. Wiggin that
she is "tall and elegant, dresses exquisitely, and is the very type of the pretty and
brilliant American." Mrs. Wiggin owes
her success entirely to her own efforts,
having once taught school in California.
She is remembered there as the founder
of the free kindergarten system in San
Francisco.

Miss Lilian Tomn, a Cornish girl, is

Francisco.

Miss Lilian Tomn, a Cornish girl, is the heroine of the hour at Cambridge, England, being the first and only lady who ever took a first class in the Law Tripos. Last year Miss Tomn took a first in the Historical Tripos, and is, therefore, a "double-first," beating the feminine record at Cambridge.

a "double-first." beating the feminine record at Cambridge.

MISS IDA DENT WRIGHT, whose portrait, it will be remembered, appeared in ONCE A WEEK at the time of the announcement of her engagement—since broken—to Vice-President Antonio Ezeta of Salvador, had an unpleasant experience, last week, at the Hoffman House. Miss Wright and her mother have been staying at that hotel; but when the guests of the house were informed that it was about to be closed for rebuilding, the two ladies were unable to leave, the deputy sheriff having taken charge of their trunks under a writ of attachment against Mrs. Wright for the sum of \$2,924. The judgment was in favor of the Artiste Publishing Company, who had published two books for Mrs. Wright. Miss Wright swore before a sheriff's jury that five of the eight trunks seized belonged to her, and contained her trouseau. After a delay of a few days the writ of attachment was vacated, and the ladies immediately left the hotel.



formidable-looking, with a peak about twice as long as that worn last season, but it is the correct shape for a yachting cap his summer.

The invincible cape is still flourishing in our midst and finds a place in every well-filled trunk that has been carefully packed with a view to the requirements for comfort and conquest of the seaside belle. The pretty one shown in the illustration is of buttercup silk covered with hand-made Battenburg lace, and having twa frills of yellow chiffon which form a sleeve-cap in the back.

On the second figure is shown one of the fashionable illusion bows, a decided improvement on the hideous Incroyable affairs of black morife whose brief case in now happily ended. These airy confections of tulle are quite startlingly becoming to a pretty face, and lead soft-ness and black satin neckties. They can be had open at the back, with fashionable stand-up collars and black satin neckties. They can be had open at the back, with fashionable stand-up collars and black satin neckties. They can be had open at the back, with fashionable strand-up collars and black satin neckties. They can be had effairs of black morife whose brief case in now happily ended. These airy confections of tulle are quite startlingly becoming to a pretty face, and lead soft-ness and delicacy to the plainest features. They are made in various shades, white being the favorite. The complexion/should be consulted in choosing the color, as the refered of the justice of the just

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# IN QUARANTINE.

IN QUARANTINE.

Legislature has made liberal appropriations to the Board of Quarantine Commissioners, thus enabling them to enlarge the capacity of the Quarantine establishment very considerably. New buildings, new boats, new apparatus and general appointments have been provided, so that New York has now a Quarantine plant very near perfection. Naturally the position of Health Officer is a delicate one. He is expected to enforce a strict quarantine without materially injuring commerce. Consequently the methods of his office are interesting.

To begin with, all vessels entering the port of New York are compelled to anchor opposite the yellow flag displayed at Quarantine Headquarters, adjoining Fort Wadsworth on Staten Island, to await the "Doctor's Boat," as the official boarding propeller is called. The captain of the ship is then required to present his bill of health, after which the Health Officer inspects the passengers, crew, fittings and cargo. Passengers, however, are always inspected by daylight, emigrants especially requiring close scrutiny. The First Deputy Health Officer, who is a diagnostic physician of rare sagacity, requires them to march along a distance of at least ten feet, under close observation, noting color of face and temperature. An assistant vises the consular health cards—an immigrant bill of health used during epidemics—and tallies the passenger list. All diseased passengers are sent to Swinburne Island, and those who have been exposed are sent to Hoffman Island for detention. A high death rate during the ship's voyage sends her down to the Lower Quarantine, where the passengers are removed and a thorough disinfection of the ship takes place. There she must remain until her incubative period expires, or she may be further detained until all her Quarantine ex-

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penses have been paid. Not until then does the captain get the coveted little slip of paper that allows him to take his vessel up to the city.

Pleasantly situated two miles south of Quarantine Headquarters is Hoffman Island, a lazaretto for suspects, built of broken stone and concrete, two acres in extent, upon which there are four two-story brick buildings wherein are the dormitories, kitchens, disinfecting-rooms and other departments required for the medical care of 850 suspects. When a suspect is received, he is immediately stripped and bathed in a mercury solution (1-500). At the same time his clothing is undergoing a steam disinfection, while his jewelry, money, etc., are treated separately by gas. After this he is sent to a freshly disinfected dormitory. Should any disease develop, he is at once removed to Swinburne Island, which is a mile further south of Hoffman Island and about a mile from the Staten Island shore. Swinburne Island, like the Pantheon of Agrippa, is a solid piece of concrete, upon which the hospitals for infectious cases are located, ten pavilion wards opening upon the walk that surrounds the island. On the northwestern side stands the crematory where those dying of infectious diseases are incinerated. Next to it stands the post-mortem building, and vaults for sealed caskets. During seasons of epidemic both islands are flushed twice a day and disinfected carefully.

Upon the arrival of a well-developed caseof Asiatic cholera a mercurial disinfecting bath is resorted to at once, after which he is put in a bed kept artificially warm, and muriatic acid in small quantities is administered frequently. But, as is anticipated, the enormous discharge of liquids from the patient produce a stage of collapse. Salt water is forced into the body between the skin, where it is rapidly absorbed, relieving the patient from the muscular cramps common to neglected cases. Recovery is as sudden as the attack, where the patient's constitution is in good condition; in fact, no one has died at Swinburne Island

ture was correct and healthy at the time of attack.

Not the least important branch of the department is the Quarantine Navy, consisting of seven vessels. The Governor Flower, a handsome one hundred-foot propeller, is used as a boarding boat; the C. F. Allen is another boarding propeller; two steam launches; the Ripple, a side-wheel steamer; the New Hampshire (armory of the Naval Reserves fitted out by New York City on condition it could be used for cabin passengers during an epidemic); the S. D. Carlton, used as a boarding station and police headquarters during emergency.

boarding station and police headquarters during emergency.

Sometimes a steamship captain shows an inclination to be ugly, but subsides quickly when he finds the Health Officer can seize his ship, his cargo and himself. Of course there are some Asiatic diseases not allowed in this country under any circumstances; and when met with they are sent back from whence they came without ceremony.—(See page 9.)

# A CATASTROPHE.

A CATASTROPHE.

A CONTEMPORARY publishes the following amusing account of how a man cured a cat of a bad habit: The man who always has a cure for every ill and a remedy for every evil showed one of his strokes of genius the other day. His wife's cat had acquired a fondness for one of the bathtubs in the house. Of course, this tub was in the room next to the dressing-room of the master of the house doesn't like cats.

"Fannie," he said, "I found that cat snoozing in my bathtub again to-day."

"I am sorry, 'dear," she said. "I have tried to break her of that habit, but I don't seem to succeed."

"Well, we must have that cat drowned," he said, fiercely.

His wife protested mildly.

"That is the only annoying trick she has," she said. "It would be a pity to kill her." "Then," said the man of the house, "I'll take this thing into my own hands. Now.

has," she said. "It would be a pity to kill her."
"Then," said the man of the house, "I'll take this thing into my own hands. Now, I'll just explain to you how I'll do it. You know how she gets into the tub. She takes a run, leaps to the edge and goes in without a stop. I'm going to run about three inches of water into the tub, let it stand there, and let her get a sousing. You know how a cat likes water," he added, significantly.

He put his plan into operation at once. That afternoon pussie did her little hurdle race, as usual, over the side of the bathtub. The plan worked to perfection. There was a loud cry, a streak of cat through the dressing-room, and a wet flash into the sewing-room. Near the door of this room stood a perch on which rested in peaceful sleepiness a dignified parrot. The cat tried this hurdle, but missed it, and the parrot, knocked to the floor, added to the force of the cyclone.

which went raging round the house. A table was knocked over and a statue of the Venus of Milo, already short of arms, was made legless. The adored baby of the house was frightened into spasms, the parrot scolded and screamed herself into a fit, and afterward the dripping cat, having made a lightning tour of the house, was found, trembling and subdued, on her mistress's jacket, price sixty-five dollars.

lars.
"I hope," said the lord of the manor,
when he had surveyed the scene of wreckage, "that this will teach your cat a lesson."

son."
"I hope so," said his wife, soothing the baby and looking at her jacket with mournful eyes.
"There is only one way to go about such things," said the husband, with satisfaction. "I pride myself on being able to handle animals." And his wife discreetly said nothing.

THE REAL PROPERTY AND LAND BY "A BLUE APRON."

By "A Blue Apron."

SHOULDER OF MUTTON WITH POTATOES.—Bone two shoulders of mutton, leaving on the handles only. Remove the skin and sinews, season and roll up lengthwise, sewing into shape. Put them into a small roasting-pan lined with slices of salt pork and pour melted butter over; cook them till three-quarters done, turning them over and adding a little water if the fat threatens to burn. A few minutes before serving season with salt. Cut into medium slices some raw peeled potatoes; mince three or four white onions and fry them with butter in a sautoir over a slow fire; when they begin to brown add the potatoes, season and fry together for seven or eight minutes. Place the meat on a long earthen dish capable of going in the oven, set the potatoes round and baste them, also the meat, with the strained fat from the pan; let the shoulders cook in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes longer, then dress and garnish the handles with paper frills, and lay the potatoes round them.

CHERRY JELLY WITH KIRSCH.—Stone three pounds of cherries, pound six ounces

frills, and lay the potatoes round them.

CHERRY JELLY WITH KIRSCH.—Stone three pounds of cherries, pound six ounces of the kernels with one pound of currants and strain it through a sieve. Put the cherries in a copper pan on a slow fire and reduce to half, then add three pounds of sugar and one pound of the strained currant and kernel juice, and continue to cook until a drop of it placed on a flat surface will not spread; now put in half a gill of kirsch and pour at once into jars to leave in a cool place until thoroughly cold; cover with a round of paper dipped in brandy, and close the pots hermetically with their respective covers.

A YOUNG man in Manchester was lately found dead in a barrel of whisky. He was a victim to rheumatism, and his friends advised him to try whisky baths, assuring him at the same time that if he rubbed himself thoroughly with the liquor he would find the remedy infallible. He procured a barrel of the very best "Scotch" and took three baths at short intervals with fairly satisfactory results; but whether it was owing to the effects of his vivid imagination, or the strong fumes exhaling from the liquor, the young man is not there to relact. When about to take the fourth bath he made a bright discovery, and acted on it instantly. He took m slight sip of the liquor, and the whisky inside coupled with the whisky outside, acting in sympathy, did him a world of good. When he had drank down to his knees he arrived at the conclusion that it wasn't of the least consequence whether he had whisky outside or not. Eventually about ankle level, to his great delight the rheumatism had entirely disappeared, and he

**FITS CURED** 

rof. W. H. Peeke, who makes a special has without doubt treated and cared m any living Physician; his success is sate bave heard of cases of 20 years' standing He publishes a valuable heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him ablishes a valuable work on this disease which he with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to afferer who may send their P.O. and Express ad would most probably be alive now only he overstrained himself draining the last drop of his bath and died of failure of the heart. Alas that perfect happiness in this world should always be denied to man.

A VERY funny story is told of Madam Von Königswarter's brother the now famous banker Cohen, who began life in a very small way in Antwerp, and by sheer energy worked himself up to be one of the lights of the Monde de finance. Some twenty years ago he went to Paris and purchased a mansion in the aristocratic quarter of the Faubourg St. Germain. There, among all the dukes and duchesses, his name appeared to him too pleebian, so he tacked on to it that of his birthplace, Antwerp, and styled himself C. d'Anvers. The first time he had occasion to use his honored title was in a letter written by himself and addressed to his old ally and friend, Banker Oppenheim of Cologne. Great was this gentleman's surprise at his old chum's newly-acquired honor. However, with ready wit, he seized his pen, dashed off a few lines of congratulation, and subscribed himself O. De Co-Logne.

An original idea carried out by an Englishwoman is the naming of all her gowns. Her maid finds it a great help and time-saver. The usual manner of designating a costume by its color may lead to confusion or tiresome explanations, if one happens to have more than one of the same color. But when "Hairy Ainu" means a dress of camel's-hair cloth, and "Scotch Mist" one of gray and silver, and so on, mistakes are impossible.

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# AN EXPERT'S OPINION:

One of the well-known bicycle dealers of Boston, who has handled all grades of wheels for the past fifteen years, and is considered by wheelmen throughout New England to be one of the finest cycle experts in the country, made the following statement on Sunday, April 22, in the columns of the Boston newspapers:

\*\* IF you can produce a better Bicycle in this country or in any other than The Lovell Diamond '94 Model Safety Bicycle we will give you \$1000 in the coin of any realm for each and every such wheel produced."

We stake our business reputation of over fifty years that there is no better wheel made in the world than the LOVELL DIAMOND.

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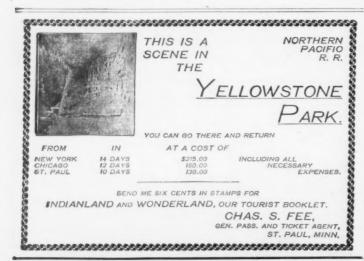
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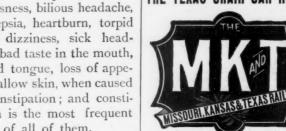
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